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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1933 No. 3543

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

NORMAN DAVIS'S STATEMENT at Geneva, promising the cooperation of the United States in maintaining world peace, amplifies and clarifies the President's declaration of a week before. It is a useful addition, for it states concretely what our representatives at Geneva will be empowered to do; and it is cleverly designed to give Europe a maximum of assurance and at the same time to give our own Congress a minimum of cause for apprehension. It commits the United States to support of the MacDonald disarmament proposals, and to consultation with other states in case of a threat to peace. Further than that it pledges us to "refrain from any action tending to defeat such collective effort" as other states may make to restore peace in event of an aggressive act in violation of treaty obligations. The statement also expresses "sympathy" with continuing international supervision of armaments to enforce whatever mutual obligations are entered into. The significance of these opinions and commitments is tremendous in view of the present crisis at Geneva. Whether or not the Davis statement saves the arms conference from final collapse, it gives it at least a fighting chance to achieve some agreement which will lessen the danger of an early European conflict and enable the London economic meeting to open under slightly less ominous circumstances.

BUT THE CONCRETE MEANING of America's reentry into European affairs should not be lost sight of. By signing such a consultative agreement as is being drawn up at Geneva, we acknowledge officially, what has long been a fact, that there can be no neutrals in the next war. The Pact of Paris made the doctrine of neutrality an anomaly; but the United States has clung passionately to its theory that we could somehow disassociate and isolate ourselves in the event of a war. We cannot do so. Even in the Asiatic war now raging we have been forced to take sides, though our failure to back our position with any tangible evidence of our expressed disapproval of Japan's aggression has made our judgment wholly ineffective. We are now committed to give at least negative support to international action against an aggressor, if we concur in the decision to apply such action. In plain terms this means that we will fail to declare our neutrality in such a situation and so will support an international embargo or boycott of an aggressor nation. We hope the Senate will find itself able to swallow this pill, and will signify its willingness by prompt adoption of the embargo resolution now before it. The hope of any unified action in behalf of peace now hangs on at least this measure of support from the United States. Mr. Davis's description of an aggressor follows Mr. Roosevelt's and is refreshingly simple. An aggressor "is one whose armed forces are found on alien soil in violation of treaties." By what intricate processes of rationalization will Japan seek to escape the effect of this definition? Its application to the situation in China—through which Japan's army is sweeping at a rate too swift to record in a weekly journal—should provide an interesting topic for the conversations between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Ishii.

BECAUSE RAYMOND MOLEY is not only Assistant Secretary of State but is generally regarded as the President's most influential adviser on economic questions, his recent radio address on the World Economic Conference is more than a little disquieting in its general conclusions. When Mr. Moley points out that the delegates may, as individuals, join in a common spirit of give and take, but that their conclusions will always be modified by what their parliamentary bodies may be willing to approve, and that they will be actuated by a personal pride in achieving a diplomatic "victory" for their own countries, he is merely presenting a candid and hard-headed view of the grave obstacles to the success of the conference. Instead of concluding, however, that a recognition of these obstacles calls for the greatest counter-efforts on the part of those who believe that the success of the conference is vital, Mr. Moley merely concludes that the conference should attempt very little, and goes on to argue that international cooperation is of minor importance anyway. In support of this opinion he even goes so far as to express the belief that the world depression is a sort of miraculous coincidence—a whole series

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of "domestic" depressions which happened to occur at the same time. "Each nation," he remarks, "must set its own house in order, and a meeting of representatives of all of the nations is useful in large part only to coordinate in some measure these national activities." Just what does setting its own house in order mean? For better or for worse the present economy of the United States is based on foreign trade, and on the assumption of the continuation of that trade. The South, for example, could adjust itself to a domestic basis only by abolishing 55 per cent of the acreage it has for years planted to cotton; and a like abandonment of acreage or of machinery and equipment, with a corresponding lay-off of labor, would have to be made by scores of other American industries. If the international conference is not going to result in a reduction of tariff and trade barriers, then it is hardly worth holding. But if it is held, there can be no hope for its success unless the delegates from every important country recognize how vitally important that success is to the economic restoration of the world.

THE GREAT BATTLE of Muscle Shoals has at long last been won. All praise should go to Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska who fought the good fight for years. He started against immense odds, against a giant power trust which was constantly growing larger and stronger. Several times he was on the verge of victory only to be set back by the sabotage of the House of Representatives and the vetoes of Presidents Coolidge and Hoover. The Muscle Shoals provisions of the Tennessee Valley Act embrace, virtually down to the last minute detail, the program Senator Norris had long been struggling for. The House sought at the eleventh hour to compromise with the power trust on the question of transmission lines, the paramount importance of which was emphasized in *The Nation* of May 3. With the government in possession of its own transmission lines, it would have a tremendous club to hold over the power companies. The House, however, would have denied the government the right to build its own lines until after it had negotiated to buy the existing lines, all of which are owned by the power companies. In short, the government would have been compelled to haggle and bargain with the utilities companies over the very device which the government was to use to force those companies into line. Happily, the House compromise was defeated and the Norris plan accepted unchanged. The government is now in a position not only to produce its own electricity at Muscle Shoals but also to sell that electricity direct to the ultimate consumers over its own transmission lines, which it may erect at once, without bargaining with the power companies, if they refuse to distribute the current on terms that are just and equitable.

THE SUCCESS OR FAILURE of Mr. Roosevelt as President hinges on his industrial-recovery bill, the details of which finally have been made public. The enormous prestige which the President has gained so far has been won more by his brilliant manipulation of popular psychology than by actual change in conditions. But public confidence cannot be kept alive indefinitely by psychological oxygen. What the American people are asking for is a way out of the industrial depression, and Mr. Roosevelt cannot achieve that with mere phrases any more than could Mr. Hoover, even though the phrases of Mr. Roosevelt are superior. The industrial-recovery bill aims to substitute action for oratory. It is perhaps the most revolutionary measure ever proposed by an American President to Congress. Its enactment will suspend capitalism in its hitherto characteristic form. That is, it will end the principle of laissez faire, or the private control of business. It will shatter the Hoover doctrine of "rugged individualism." Yet it will not accomplish a socialization of industry or the elimination of the profit system. It is proposed as only temporary, as an emergency measure to clip the wings of capitalism for a couple of years in the system's own interest. And capitalism, in its present moment of defeat and despair, is keen to have its wings clipped. It feels that to be its only hope of salvation. The rest of the country, too, seems to be ready for the step. We are a nation of pragmatists, and will try almost anything once. If the scheme works, capitalism may go on to new victories and defeats. If it doesn't—and perhaps even if it does—it may serve as a bridge to something better.

WISCONSIN'S "MILK STRIKE" has been called off, for the time at least, after a demonstration unique in American history. On the one hand there was undisguised mass resistance to law, and on the other an attempt by Governor Schmedeman to put it down, but there was little bitterness or violence on either side and a disposition on the part of noncombatants to treat the trouble as a sporting event rather than as an insurrection. Although several thousand persons were involved in melees in one place and another, nothing more violent was used as weapons than clubs and tear-gas bombs, and there was only one fatality. A farmer who had climbed on a truck to help dump its milk either fell or was pushed off to his death. The insurgent farmers, armed with planks from which long spikes protruded, were active in picketing country roads and successful in stopping a considerable part of the usual milk traffic. Near Mukwonago 300 farmers spilled 30,000 pounds of milk, while at Shawano militiamen—whom the local population derisively dubbed "boy scouts"—engaged and routed a gathering of farmers with tear gas. The noncombatant townsmen sympathized with the farmers, but were more concerned because 2,000 members of the State militia, most of whom had been sworn in as deputy sheriffs, were entitled thereby to collect $4 apiece a day from the county treasury. The townsmen were also distressed because the local burying ground was overrun in the battle and a mess was made of the painstaking efforts at beautification of the Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Association.

YET BEHIND THE SETTING almost of a musical comedy was a grave situation. Farmers, faced with the lowest prices for milk in thirty-four years, openly defied the authority of the State, and for the first time in Wisconsin's history the militia was called out to subdue them. Even so the farmers had the support of so large a proportion of public sentiment that the Governor wisely refrained from any but the softest-handed tactics in opposing them. The doings of the farmers were notable, too, in that they were almost spontaneous—without any definite or centralized direction. The "general strike" voted for May 13 by the Farmers' Holiday Association had been called off by its president. The only organization behind the farmers was the Wiscon-

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sin Cooperative Milk Pool, the head of which disappeared early in the demonstration upon advice of his astute attorney. After lasting a week, the trouble came to an abrupt end at a conference between farmers and the Governor of the State, at which a committee was appointed to study and report on the grievances of the milk producers. In this respect the farmers of Wisconsin were much less successful than those of New York, who gained an immediate advance in prices through direct action. But eventually Wisconsin farmers must get substantial concessions too. If not, there will be further disturbances, maybe less good-natured, maybe fraught with more serious consequences than litter and trampled grass for the Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Association of Shawano.

THE GENERAL manufacturers' sales tax seems to have a curious effect on the minds of its proponents. Not one of them, for example, ever proposes anything but a flat tax on goods of all kinds, though it is obvious that on manufacturers whose margin of profit is high a flat sales tax of 1⅓ per cent would impose very little burden, while on manufacturers whose margin of profit is narrow it might impose a very heavy burden. Surely a sales tax, if we must have one, ought at least to carry a graduated rate, depending on the relation of net profits to gross sales. Another curious effect of a belief in the sales tax is that it prevents those who hold the belief from suggesting very good alternatives. For example, Lewis W. Douglas, the director of the budget, tells us that a general sales tax of 1⅓ per cent without exemptions would raise the necessary annual $220,000,000 to finance the public-works program. To the suggestion that more might be raised from income taxes he has replied with proposals raising the present normal tax of 4 per cent on the first $4,000 of income, and of 8 per cent above that amount, to 6 or 8 per cent on the first $4,000 and 8 or 12 per cent on amounts above that. That higher income taxes ought to involve some increase in the so-called normal taxes we do not doubt; but why should the entire amount be raised by a flat increase in the normal rates and no increase whatever in the surtaxes?

DESPITE ITS PRECARIOUS position, the republican coalition governing Spain has at last succeeded in breaking the centuries-old grip of the Roman Catholic church on the educational system. The defeat of the church may perhaps be considered the most important single step taken to reform the country since the revolution of April, 1931. The law adopted by the Cortes, sitting as a constituent assembly for the purpose of perfecting the republican constitution, not only nationalizes $500,000,000 worth of church property but withdraws the right of some 80,000 monks and nuns to teach school. After January 1, 1934, all primary and secondary schools will be in the hands of the state. While this may be regarded as the most important measure yet adopted by the republican government, the republicans still have several major tasks before them. They have succeeded in purging the military forces and diplomatic corps of monarchist or reactionary elements, and they have made marked progress in cleaning out the judiciary. But they have not begun to touch the problem of economic control of the state. So long as this problem remains unsolved, the republic will continue to be harassed by the parties on the left. Only the other day a syndicalist outbreak swept the country, leaving nine dead and many injured in its wake. And more important, so long as the reactionaries continue to dominate the financial system and hang on to their large estates, they will, given the slightest opportunity, be in a position to overthrow the republican government. Their economic power enables them to influence or control large sections of the population, as we saw in the municipal elections a few weeks ago. It is to be hoped not only that the Socialist-republican coalition will finally triumph, although the odds are heavily against it, but that it will manage to do so without having to resort to dictatorship and terror.

ONE OF THE IMPORTANT results of the "Continental Congress" which met recently in Washington, 4,000 delegates strong, was to call public attention to the widespread discrimination against Negroes in the capital of the nation. When it became known that the Cairo Hotel had refused accommodations to Negroes, the hundred or so delegates to the congress who had made reservations there marched to the hotel accompanied by 2,000 delegates in a spontaneous parade several blocks long. They carried banners which stated that they were leaving the hotel because of its refusal to receive Negroes as guests. Norman Thomas informs us that such discrimination is common in Washington and exists even in government departments. He writes that the tourist camp owned by the government and operated under the general direction of the Quartermasters' Bureau of the War Department does not admit Negroes. "I later learned," Mr. Thomas continues, "that this discrimination extends even to the National Cemetery at Arlington —unless, perhaps, the unknown soldier was a Negro, as well he might have been." It is probable that these facts were not known to the Administration before the "Continental Congress" held them up to public view. They are known now. Protests against Hitlerism do not come with good grace from Americans who do not at the same time protest even more vigorously against racial discrimination in this country. And it is worth pointing out as well that this attitude toward Negroes is not confined to the South. It is commonly found also in those Northern cities whose citizens are most proud of their traditional sympathy for the Negro and most assiduous in criticizing the intolerant South.

THE NEWSPAPERS have recently had occasion to publish news stories about the relatively new fever treatment for tertiary syphilis. This publicity is of great value, since the early stages of even paresis can now often be effectively arrested. The important thing, as in the case of cancer, is public knowledge of the fact that something can be done if it is done quickly. And yet, because of a strange and wholly anachronistic prudery, most of the news items seem carefully designed to prevent the less-informed part of the public from learning what it is all about. Thus, recently, the New York *Times* printed a front-page story concerning an improved technique for the treatment by malaria, but deliberately refrained from indicating what the disease so treated is. It referred to paresis only as a "dread form of insanity" caused by "a blood disease." Apparently the word syphilis is not "fit to print," even though to print it would be to contribute to a campaign which might make it possible to eliminate that disease.

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THE PLIGHT OF EDUCATION in the United States becomes aggravated as its control passes from the hands of educators into those of political spoilsmen. Witness the appointment of the new president of Hunter College. After its founding as the first evening school in New York City in 1866 by Thomas Hunter, the institution became the Normal and High School in 1869, and the Normal College in 1870, devoted wholly to the education of women. It grew steadily under the inspired guidance of its founder and is today the largest woman's college in the world and one of the largest institutions of higher education anywhere, with over 5,000 day pupils and a total enrolment of over 20,000. The foremost educators in the land should properly have been considered for its presidency. An adequate survey to seek a qualified man or woman was urged by civic groups and by the press. Instead, the Tammany-controlled Board of Education nominated Eugene A. Colligan. He is a graduate of Teachers College of Columbia University, and has done postgraduate work at Manhattan and Fordham colleges, from which latter institution he received a Ph.D. After teaching history and civics in a Brooklyn public school, he became administrative assistant there, then principal of the Boys' High School in Brooklyn, and in 1931 Associate Superintendent of Schools. More pertinent is that his brother is a Tammany district leader and that Dr. Colligan fulfils the non-educational requirements. It is no reflection on him as an individual to say that nothing in his career or in his hitherto revealed qualifications entitled him to what might well be the most important post in the education of women in the United States, nor to see in his appointment tragic evidence of the forces that manipulate our educational system in New York—and in other of our larger cities.

MUNITIONS MAKERS, for whom war means profits, have come in for increasing criticism within the past few years. This is as it should be. But the respectable citizens who own the stocks of munitions factories and derive profit from these stocks in proportion as peace on earth diminishes should not be spared. A few months ago the Union of Democratic Control in London issued a pamphlet, "The Secret International," on the activities of armament firms, which contained the information that Sir John Simon, Neville Chamberlain, and Sir Austen Chamberlain held shares in the Imperial Chemical Industries. The English *New Statesman and Nation* now reports that Sir John Simon, as a result of reading "The Secret International," has sold out his I. C. I. shares. He discovered, so the inference runs, that I. C. I. through its subsidiaries has been playing a large part in arming the Far East. It should be illuminating if some enterprising peace detective in this country could ferret out and print the names of those Americans who lift one hand in favor of peace and clip a munitions coupon with the other. There are a number of companies in the United States which, although known to the general public as engaged in making steel, automobiles, or some such product, have a thriving side line in munitions.

KILLED BY KINDNESS is the epitaph that must be written for the second bonus army, which disappeared like the snows of yesteryear under the warm smile of President Roosevelt and the even warmer one of Mrs. Roosevelt. Of the almost 3,000 militant veterans who began arriving in Washington on May 10 to demand the bonus, 2,600 had joined the reforestation army by May 22 and 350 had gone home at government expense. During their visit to the capital the only recorded unpleasantness arose from dissension within their own ranks. At Fort Hunt, with an electric light in every tent and their pictures in every motion-picture newsreel, the main body of the veterans lived the life of Riley on President Roosevelt's invitation; and judging from the hospitality which flowed out in ever-increasing waves, a good many veterans must have felt that the only reason they were not invited to stay at the White House was because there were not enough spare bedrooms. They were served "food like we never knew was left in the world." They were given taxi service in trucks to and from the city nine miles away. The Navy Band was sent out to play for them. Medical service was supplied and they even got their teeth pulled free of charge. Finally they were visited by the President's wife and two of his secretaries and were allowed to send a deputation to the President himself. In the words of one leader of the veterans, "I am humiliated. The treatment here has been wonderful." We have read of only one veteran who kept his head through the overwhelming barrage of kindness. He refused the free transportation and the offer of a job. "We are whipped and we have to hand it to that smart fellow at the White House," he said, but he would rather be "whipped good than halfway." It was Mrs. Roosevelt's visit, no doubt, which turned the bonus army into a corps of woodchoppers. She inspected the camp informally and made a speech; and then she led them in singing "There's a long, long trail a-winding" because that was the song they said they all knew best. It was a most appropriate ditty.

"TO THE VICTORS belong the spoils" is an old-established American doctrine, and whenever one political party succeeds another in control in Washington we expect a lot of old chairs to be occupied by new breeches. That, indeed, is the only change which usually we do expect. But it appears that the present Administration may be going to redefine the word "spoils" to make it include not only offices but also nomenclature. The name of the thirty-first President of the United States has been erased from the Hoover Dam and the Roosevelt Administration has decreed that the structure which a satellite of the former President obligingly named after him shall be again what it was before, Boulder Dam. Is this a harbinger of a new spoils policy? There are Coolidge and Roosevelt dams too. Are they to be rechristened—possibly after good Democrats? And how about the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial? May we look to see these become the "Jim" Farley Monument and the Jouett Shouse Memorial? We were not riotously enthusiastic over the statesman of Palo Alto when he was in office, but we ask you, Mr. President, is this a nice way to treat the "forgotten man"? We recall the popular dictum that Mr. Hoover must have been a Great Engineer or otherwise he could not in so short a time have drained and ditched the country, and so we would not begrudge him commemoration in that lonely monolith in the Southwest. There is so little else of a constructive nature by which to remember the man who occupied the White House from March 4, 1929, to March 4, 1933.

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Secretary Ickes Cleans House

WE should not allow the excitement and confusion attending the hurried efforts of the Roosevelt Administration to revolutionize American industry to divert our attention from other important developments in Washington. Above all, it will be worth our while to keep an eye on another sort of revolution taking place in the Department of the Interior, which is now in the safe and able hands of Secretary Harold Ickes. In a sense this revolution began with the appointment of Mr. Ickes to the office, for anyone acquainted with his record could have known that he would take no other course than the one he is following. But the full purport of the change was not made clear until he announced that he had created a division of investigations in the department, with Louis R. Glavis as director. His choice of Glavis was a happy one, not only because it signalized a return to the fundamental methods and aggressive honesty of the Bull Moose movement, but because it was in the nature of a personal vindication for Glavis, who was dismissed from a similar position a quarter of a century ago for having tried to block the Morgan-Guggenheim steal of government coal lands in the Territory of Alaska.

For years the Department of the Interior has been the happy hunting ground of the monopolists, especially those who had a hankering to corner some of our national resources and were not particular as to the means they used. For some strange reason this department has never received the close attention from the Washington correspondents which, let us say, the State and Commerce departments and the Treasury have had. For the most part the newspapermen have been satisfied to accept the occasional publicity statements handed out by the department's press agent; very infrequently they have used the department as a source of material for entertaining or mildly instructive Sunday feature stories.

As a consequence, the larger activities of this extremely important branch of the government have generally escaped public notice. In fairness to the newspapermen, however, it must be conceded that even the sharpest of them might have had difficulty in breaking through the formidable bureaucracy and endless red tape which for so many years protected the inner workings of the Interior Department from prying eyes. The bureaucratic machine itself was controlled at many key points by political appointees who were also, at least in effect, agents of the interests who used or sought to use the department for their private purposes. It was hardly an accident that some of the most outrageous scandals—the Teapot Dome scandal, for instance—should have taken place under the roof of this department.

An earlier scandal was that associated with Ballinger during the Taft Administration. Glavis was at that time in charge of the special agents of the Department of the Interior. It was the duty of these men to check up on land claims and similar transactions to see that the law was fully complied with. In Alaska some of the agents discovered that numerous private claims on government coal lands were being fraudulently entered, and there was evidence that this was the result of a conspiracy in which the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate played an important role. On the strength of the reports from his agents Glavis refused to approve the claims, and without his signature the coal lands could not be transferred to the claimants. Secretary Ballinger and other high officials of the Interior Department ruled that he was in error, but Glavis stood his ground. In the meantime Congress had passed a law which ostensibly legalized the fraudulent claims. Glavis insisted, however, that a fraud had been perpetrated and that no act of Congress could possibly change that fact. Finally, his superiors demanded that he bring the case to trial at once. This was simply a trick to defeat him before he had had time to assemble all of the essential evidence, for Ballinger and his associates knew that the agents were still in Alaska and had not yet completed their investigation.

Glavis went to Gifford Pinchot, then Chief Forester, for advice, and Pinchot sent him to President Taft with a letter of introduction. The President received him sympathetically enough, but a few days later Glavis was dismissed on the ground that he was insubordinate in going to the White House over the heads of his superior officers. Glavis was vindicated a half year later when Ballinger resigned and Walter Fisher of Chicago took his place. Fisher promptly threw out the fraudulent coal-land claims. But this vindication did not restore Glavis to his position nor did it remove the stigma of his dismissal.

Thus it was essentially fitting that Secretary Ickes should have picked just this man to head the new division of investigations. Moreover, he has in Glavis a man of proved integrity and fearlessness. We could want no better insurance against repetition of the Teapot Dome or Ballinger scandal. Even before he was appointed director of investigations Glavis showed his worth. He was sent by Secretary Ickes to Muscle Shoals to inquire into reports that two private power companies had been misusing the government's property there with the result that some of the equipment had been damaged and the government had been defrauded of a considerable amount of revenue. As a result of this preliminary inquiry President Roosevelt has ordered a formal investigation.

Secretary Ickes has revealed in other ways that he intends to fight graft, corruption, and favoritism at every turn. In this he will be ably advised by his personal assistant, Harry Slattery, a Washington attorney who was instrumental in turning up many of the facts that led to the Teapot Dome investigation. Slattery has devoted many of the best years of his life to fighting corruption in high places. One of the first tasks before Secretary Ickes is to weed out the agents of the monopolists, land-grabbers, and other interests who are still on the department's pay roll. It was revealed in the course of the petroleum conference held several weeks ago that a number of the subordinate officials of the department place the interests of private corporations before the interests of the government. This weeding-out process is bound to be slow and tedious, but we may rest assured that under Secretary Ickes it will be thorough.

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How Pacific Is Hitler?

THE ironic forecast in *The Nation* of two weeks ago by Professor Oscar Jászi of the impending attempt to reconstruct Hitler into a statesman of heroic size has received prompt confirmation. The supposedly pacific character of the Nazi Chancellor's Reichstag address on armaments has evoked wide editorial praise. Yet nothing could be less warranted than credence in the declared pacifist intentions of the leader whose thirteen-year campaign for power was a preachment of blood, iron, and hate, and who since coming to power has ruthlessly persecuted and destroyed the forces of peace and reason within his own country. This paradox was conspicuous throughout his address. He declares: "The idea of rendering useful service to other peoples by destroying economically a people of 65,000,000 is so absurd that nobody can dare today openly to expound it." But how about the corresponding absurdity of destroying economically a minority of several millions within the Reich? The dictator speaks about the need of "restoring the international sense of justice . . . obscured by the Treaty of Versailles" and "its branding of Germany as guilty of the World War." But what about the need of restoring the sense of justice in Germany, and the branding of an innocent minority as guilty of Germany's defeat in the World War?

Hitler protests against "the conception of victor and vanquished" as "the foundation of a new legal and social order" and the "relegation of a great nation to second rank." But what about the conception of victor and vanquished which he himself has established within Germany, and the relegation of a whole race to second rank as the foundation of the new Nazi order? He adds: "This wrong could not give the world peace." Neither can his wrong give peace. And what could be more of a burlesque than this: "The generation of this young Germany which in its life hitherto came to know only the distress, misery, and woe of its own people has suffered too tremendously under the madness of our time to intend to inflict the same upon others"? Yes? What about that inflicted in the last few weeks on all "others" in Germany? And the speech concludes with this crowning irony: "May the other nations understand Germany's firm determination to close at last a period of human errors in order to find the way to real conciliation, all upon a basis of equal rights."

If the Nazi leaders are pulling in their horns a little, it is because, like all bullies, they are essentially cowards and are cringing beneath the indignation of the world and the economic consequences. They are feeling the effects of their isolation. Yet it is evident that the plans for world dominance of the Nazi system are a menace to the institutions of the free men of Europe and America. They surely constitute a direct challenge to every American basic principle—free thought, free speech, free press, equality of opportunity, and absence of discrimination because of race or creed. However beautiful a picture of Germany's pacifist intent the former house painter may now paint, the attitude of the civilized world must continue to be opposed to any rearmament of Germany as long as the Nazis rule and deny to minorities the elementary justice which they demand from the rest of the world.

The Progress of Progress

CHICAGO, Ill. Everyone knows the story of the visiting Englishman who mistook that address for a declarative statement and remarked sympathetically, "I'm not surprised." He was, as a matter of fact, the same person who made the same remark when he saw "United States Tires" emblazoned in electric letters, and he was a cousin of that other visiting Englishman who murmured, "What a pity!" when he was told that the Woolworth Building was absolutely fireproof.

Now as patriots we have always resented these tales, but recently we have come to understand them a little better, for ever since we first read about the great exposition now ready to open in Chicago, the vertiginous implications of its title have made us dizzy. Time and time again we have said that we would make no more efforts to find our way through the maze. Time and time again we have turned aside as we muttered to ourselves, "*That* way madness lies." But it is really no use and we are at it again. Just what is it that Chicago has been, for a century, progressing toward, and just how near is she to arrival at wherever it is that she is supposed to be arriving? The new physicists, who have been so successful in making everything obscure, tell us that nothing can move except in so far as it is getting either closer to or farther away from something or other. From this we conclude that Progress also needs what they call a frame of reference, since, we take it, one can hardly progress merely toward Progress unless—and this seems very unlikely—one can move toward movement.

We are sure, of course, that the christeners of the new World's Fair were innocent of irony. They were almost certainly not secret agents of Moscow, plotting a subtle sabotage by scheming to raise in the public the unsettling question which has been disturbing us. Neither, we think, were they sufficiently versed in the history of ideas to realize that it is roughly a hundred years since it began to be assumed that Progress is one of the laws of nature and that "A Century of Progress" might possibly be taken to mean "a century during which the idea of progress was a ruling idea." On the contrary, we assume that they innocently took the word out of the air, just as the headline writers take it when they write, "Seventy-eighth Street Block Gives Way to Progress," instead of saying merely that one group of ugly buildings is being torn down to make way for another equally or more hideous.

In any event, the whole business became clear to us the other day when we were trying to explain it to a visiting foreigner. We reminded him how satisfyingly obscure the phrase "the survival of the fittest" had been until someone thought to ask, "Fittest for what?" and got the annihilating answer, "Why, fittest to survive, of course." The great law became at once perfectly self-evident, even if also perfectly meaningless, and the difficulties inherent in "A Century of Progress" can easily be removed in the same way. No one can deny that for a century Chicago has been progressing toward wherever she now is. Chicago has certainly achieved whatever it is that she has achieved, and she has certainly reached wherever it is that she has got to. It is all as plain as day and we are sane again.

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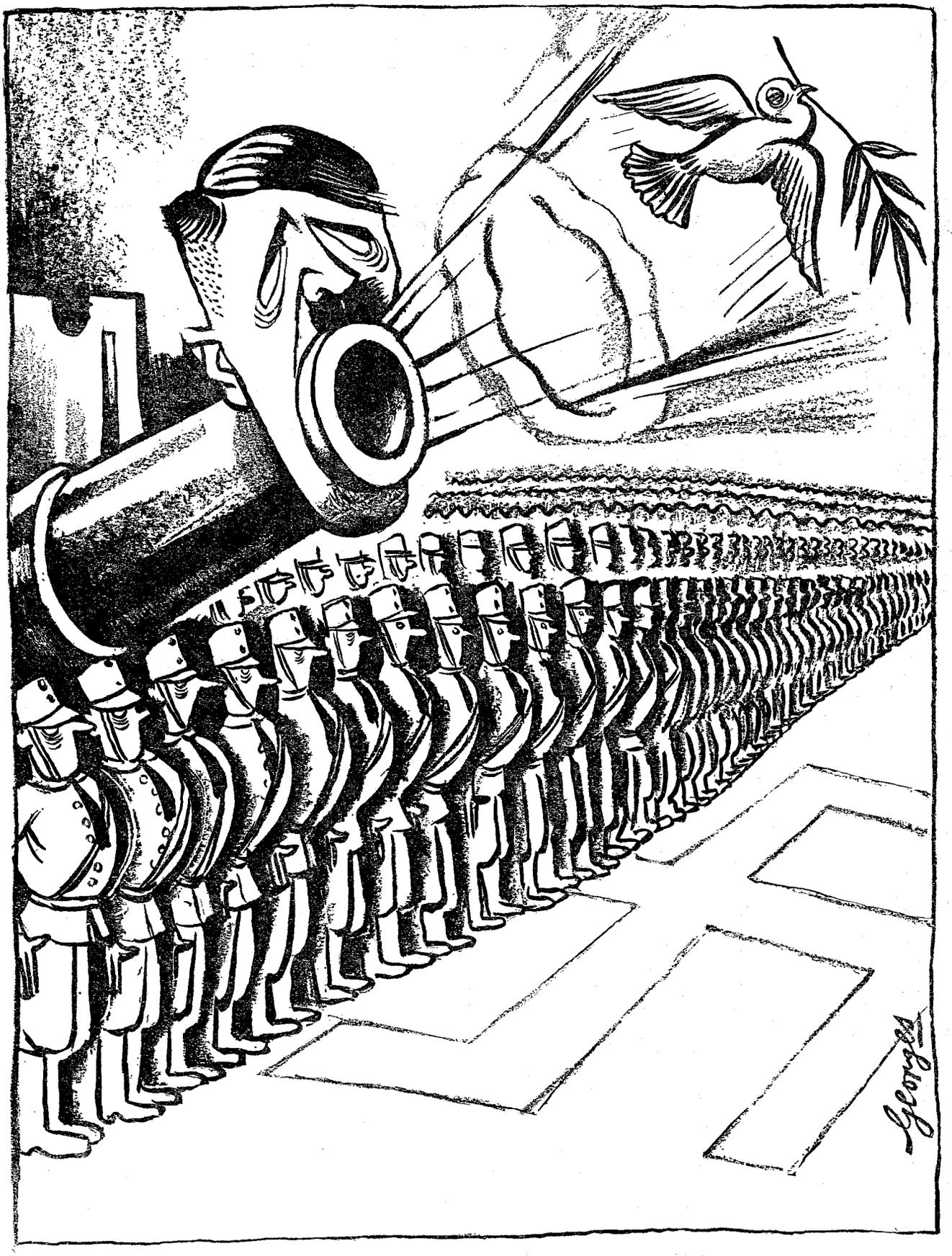

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Social Change and the Brain Trust

By LOUIS FISCHER

EVERYWHERE in the United States there is talk of economic nationalism. People say we are a rich country and could easily be self-sufficient. "All we have to import is coffee and rubber," one Montana rancher said to me. He was underestimating our need for foreign goods, but the thesis is undoubtedly correct in general that we can produce enough to feed, clothe, and house ourselves. Nevertheless, Secretary Hull told the American Chamber of Commerce a few weeks ago that "no nation can live and thrive by itself." The idea of economic isolation was based on "fallacious theories," he said. Mr. Hull was right, and the Montana rancher wrong. The United States has advanced beyond the stage where its sole concern is the satisfaction of popular consumption requirements. We are a creditor nation, which is simply another way of saying that we have an industrial machine that produces more than our wage- and salary-earners, with their present income and the capitalists' present profits, can consume. We must therefore export money and goods. Our prosperity and the future of American capitalism depend very much on the possibility of holding old and finding new and better-paying foreign markets.

The international struggle for markets has eclipsed the former battle for raw materials. It is not more natural wealth that we want so much as more customers to buy what we already have. Hence the new Administration's interest in the forthcoming World Economic Conference in London. Deliberate economic nationalism would be suicide. And yet, since no intelligent statesman is very sanguine about the results to be expected from London or from similar efforts, plans to accommodate the United States to a disastrous situation in which economic autarchy will be the only real alternative are already under way.

It is interesting that the "Brain Trust," which does the Administration's thinking with Mr. Roosevelt, is fully conscious of the dilemma. American big business needs foreign expansion if retrogression is not to set in. But the road to foreign expansion is blocked. The government's task, therefore, consists in trying to clear that road, and then, since this prospect is extremely limited, to weaken and cushion the shock of our system's backward movement. Nobody in Washington who deals concretely with budgetary or legislative programs looks for a return to economic normality in 1933 or 1934. Those with longer vision hope that the regretted continuance of the depression and the further spread of popular distress and despair will provide them with the support and mandate to reform the capitalist system by attempts at planning, control of industry, and, in the end perhaps, restricted state capitalism. It is scarcely accidental, therefore, that just at this juncture professors who are critical in varying degrees of the capitalist order exercise so much influence at the White House. Not accidental, and not alarming, for the clever business man should realize that those "radicals" will endeavor to do that which he, in his conservatism, cannot undertake. Of all Mr. Roosevelt's shrewd political acts, the creation of the Brain Trust is the shrewdest. It shows he has a keen appreciation of new fundamental trends, and if he, Moley, Jimmy Warburg, Lew Douglas, Colonel Howe, Bullitt, and such consultants of these members of the still-unorganized "trust" as Tugwell, Felix Frankfurter, Mordecai Ezekiel, Feis, Taussig, Paul Douglas, Berle, and others can collectively keep clear of Wall Street strings, they will become a notable social phenomenon. Their job is to save American capitalism.

The Administration and its intellectual junta conceive their first duty to be a serious effort to make a success of the World Economic Conference. One able economist whose cooperation has been sought by United States Senators said to me: "If the conference fails, the whole capitalist structure will go smash." This may be somewhat exaggerated, but the importance of the aim of the London meeting cannot be exaggerated.

The trouble is, however, that every one of the nations going into the conference has the same aim. We want to enlarge our foreign markets. So does England. So does France. So does Japan. So does Italy, and so on. Indeed, as a strange preliminary to the conference, England stole a march on us—just when the delegates from Buenos Aires were sitting at the White House—and signed a treaty with the Argentine which will divert most of that country's trade to the United Kingdom. The "open door" in Manchuria has been slammed shut, lame assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, which means that that market is barred to us and safeguarded for Japan. Hitler has raised Germany's tariffs. France imposes a special surtax on exports from lands with debased currencies. The mad race for markets is on, and about the only thing the London deliberations can do is to prevent international competition in currency devaluation from making it madder still. Such a check, however, cannot create new purchasing power abroad. And that is what the world needs above all. Nations cannot buy from us unless they have the means. They would not have the means if all of them did the unlikely thing and reduced their tariffs simultaneously and equally. That would merely prolong the *status quo,* which is sad indeed. The only method of raising foreign buying capacity is to invest money in undeveloped countries, for the rich states do not want to buy and the poor cannot. We poured hundreds of millions into Germany after the adoption of the Dawes Plan in September, 1924, and by so doing we merely financed reparations and, in turn, Allied debt payments to us. Yet the resultant relative prosperity of Germany probably helped postpone the international economic crash for five years, and that is a great deal more significant than the loss of money which we lent to Germany.

Now, too, the world, especially America, is perhaps entering upon a phase in which we will invest our surplus capital in some foreign states so that they may buy from us. Even if such investments are never returned they can bring relief until the next depression. I hear the objection that the American investor is not prepared to risk his dollars in foreign bonds after the dismal experiences of the recent past.

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This is a serious consideration and a big obstacle. Nevertheless, the rush to the stock market in the last few weeks shows that any rise in values will attract thousands whose fingers have once been burnt. And a sucker is "born every minute." Popular distrust, of course, is a factor contributing to economic nationalism, particularly since most citizens are today inclined to think that a banker's advice is bad advice. Still, there is a great deal of unemployed money and credit in this country, and if a sufficiently promising foreign outlet is discovered, those sums will flow in the direction of that outlet.

Does such a field exist beyond the seas? Mexico? That country could have another anti-feudal revolution with our assistance which might pave the way toward industrialization on American capital. Likewise some other Latin states. Canada? Safe politically except for British jealousy, and near enough to home to allay the investor's suspicions. Not much opening in Europe. Some time ago an important Bolshevik commissar came to the United States and was invited to dine with Henry Ford. They discussed cures for the depression. When one solution after the other had been dismissed as impracticable, Ford drew a lead pencil from his pocket and wrote on the table cloth: 160, 300, 400—860,000,000 people inhabiting the Soviet Union, India, and China. If these millions could be made effective consumers of American goods, the American people could enjoy at least one more wave of prosperity. On that the Bolshevik and the billionaire agreed.

Soviet Russia does present a rich possibility, but I am not sure that we can overcome political prejudices soon enough to reap early fruits. That is a special problem. India is more difficult. England stands in the way. Japan offers active competition. We have no experience in or knowledge of that market. China, finally, is the great unknown. Since Western preoccupation with domestic ills gives Japan carte blanche to go wherever she pleases in the Celestial Republic, it does not seem fantastic to suppose that Tokio will carve herself a new East Asiatic empire in China. If far-away England can rule a continent like India, the likelihood of Japanese conquest, outright or under some disguise, of most of Northern China, Inner Mongolia, Shantung, and territory farther down to the Yangtze is considerable. Would we then scrap our traditional policies and use Japan as an agent for the exploitation of China in order to afford employment to American surplus capital? All these and many more schemes will be examined before we sink back into the morass of economic nationalism. The World Economic Conference is only the first step in a universal search for new fields to invest in and to trade with. But none of these fields will yield to rapid exploitation. Their benefits cannot accrue soon enough to do us much good in the immediate future. The World Economic Conference has aroused many hopes, but it will be able to satisfy few if any of them.

The Brain Trust, consequently, is already exploring the alternative of economic nationalism. I believe that a Socialist state can achieve a high measure of economic autarchy. I believe, therefore, that Stalin was right in maintaining, against Trotzky, that after many tribulations socialism can be built in one country, even in so backward a country as Russia. In the Soviet Union profits do not exist; therefore surplus values do not exist; therefore "overproduction" is inconceivable; therefore foreign expansion can be dispensed with. The need for exporting American goods and money decreases in direct ratio to the diminution or redistribution of the "surplus values," that is, the difference between the values labor produces and the income labor receives from American business. A policy of American economic self-sufficiency, accordingly, will succeed only to the extent that the profits of capitalists are curtailed or diverted for the community's use. This is what the Brain Trust has been working on. How can industry be controlled so that it will surrender part of its income or earn a smaller income without losing its incentive? Will some industries have to be taken over by the state if this plan is to function smoothly? Can profits be redivided by means of a big public-works program for non-productive purposes? These are some of the questions now being debated in Washington.

Mr. Roosevelt ought to know that America's middle class will support any radical measure he could conceivably propose for the reorganization of industry and of business in general. A month west of the Mississippi has convinced me that the country sees the new deal as a promise to turn everything upside down. What was is no good, and any change would be a change for the better—this is the popular sentiment. I believe the economic situation of the country is worse and the economic thinking of the people more daring than most men in New York and Washington know or care to admit. Certain interests in the East may be determined to "get" the professors who have become our young "Elder Statesmen." But the millions say: "Step on it, boys. We're ready to take a chance." As long as industry needs the R. F. C. and as long as the White House can hold the threat of criminal investigation over the big bankers' heads, the Brain Trust has a unique opportunity of becoming the trusted servant of America's petty bourgeoisie.

I discern three major social-economic trends in the United States: (1) our working class is developing into a proletariat, that is, workingmen who are not at the same time capitalists; (2) our farmers are becoming peasants, that is, soil tillers who own little if any property; (3) our government is acquiring bigger and bigger stakes in private industry, that is, state capitalism. The Administration may be expected to endeavor to hamper the first two tendencies and foster the third. Its policy will consist in maintaining the middle-class characteristics of the working and farming populations, and, concurrently, in adopting an attitude of hostility toward big business. That attitude, however, may become an empty pose if, as is very likely, Washington countenances and even encourages mergers and amalgamations by means of which big business is able to grow bigger still and reap larger profits.

Yet outwardly, and in part actually, the government should tend to prefer the little capitalist to Wall Street. This is the necessary concomitant of economic nationalism. But during its initial stages many of Washington's policies will be contradictory, and some will cancel others. The character of American society permits of no single-track policy. Developments toward autarchy will move parallel with efforts for foreign expansion. Prolonged skirmishing undoubtedly impends between the upper bourgeoisie and our middle-class interests. The proletariat, too, is becoming slightly more vocal. America begins to be a fascinating social spectacle.

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Inflation: How Much?

By HENRY HAZLITT

THE United States, for better or for worse, has officially embarked upon a policy of inflation. Any debate upon the general merits of inflation, therefore, seems at the moment futile. The two questions about which discussion must now revolve are, What kind of inflation? and how much? The first question I have attempted to answer in a previous article in these pages. A more or less uniform reduction, as the result of international agreement, in the gold content of the world's principal currency units, with a prompt return to gold convertibility at this new level, is the one form of inflation that would be controllable, that would fix price levels at the point where it was considered desirable to fix them, that would avert any mutually ruinous competition in currency depreciation between nations, and that would engender a general atmosphere of confidence and surety rather than one of uncertainty and misgiving.

But apart from the method of inflation, the question of the degree of inflation must receive more careful consideration than it has so far had. The aim of inflation is to raise the price level—not because one price level is inherently preferable to another, but because under present conditions inflation is the promptest and least painful and costly way of restoring equilibrium within the price-wage-debt structure. It is well to recognize at the very beginning that there is no price level that would be completely "just" to everybody. What we have to seek is one that would restore industrial activity to the maximum possible while at the same time insuring the greatest welfare of the greatest number.

If we turn first to the farmers, and think of them only in their role as farmers, it is obvious that they could stand a very great deal of inflation. Inflation, of course, would not of itself wipe out the present discrepancy between farm prices and the prices of manufactured products. But by itself it would do two things for the American farmer: (1) It would raise the prices of his products faster than those of things he buys, so that he would secure a certain transitional advantage (this has already been illustrated in part by the rise in the prices of farm products since our abandonment of the gold standard was announced); and (2) it would lower the relative burden of his mortgage and other indebtedness, first because higher prices for his products would enable him to meet interest payments, while those interest payments would call for a smaller percentage of his income, and second because inflation would raise the value of his farm itself and once more give him a substantial equity.

But while the farmer could stand a great deal of inflation, the industrial worker could stand only a quite limited amount. An uncontrolled inflation would raise the cost of living much more rapidly than it would raise wages. But this would not be true, under present circumstances, of a strictly limited inflation. From such an inflation labor stands to gain a great deal. About this subject there is considerable confusion of thought, and the confusion results chiefly from a failure to distinguish between wage *rates* and wage *payments*. If hourly wage rates were the sole question to be considered, then labor would stand to gain nothing even from a limited inflation; quite the contrary. Whereas the cost of living since 1929 has fallen, according to the calculations of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, 22 per cent, wage rates, according to the figures of the National Industrial Conference Board, have fallen 21.2 per cent in the same period, and according to the estimate of Leo Wolman, the decline has been from 20 to 30 per cent. If there were workable relationships within the rest of the existing price structure, nothing would be gained for labor by inflation. But it is precisely because of the absence of such workable relationships that hourly wage rates at present have become almost meaningless from the standpoint of labor as a whole. What is significant is total wage *payments*, and through the appalling unemployment, and the part-time employment of most of those remaining at work, these have been reduced, according to the index of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, to barely *one-third* of their volume in 1926. The reason for this terrific shrinkage of wage payments is simply that the present wholesale price level does not enable industry to make a profit. The price of industry's product has fallen, and industry in general has not found it possible to secure a corresponding reduction in its costs. In 1932 approximately 60 per cent of the country's large corporations were operating at a loss. While such a condition lasts, even the present hourly wage level is not secure, and even the present appallingly low level of employment is threatened. What would benefit industrial labor most at present would be an advance in the wholesale price level just sufficient to make it possible for industry to operate in normal volume. As wholesale prices have fallen 40 per cent in the last few years while the cost of living has fallen only 20 per cent, we could easily have a general increase in wholesale prices of 30 per cent or more from the low points that would not raise the cost of living at all. As labor is only getting about 33 per cent in actual wage payments compared with what it was receiving in 1926, a limited inflation that would restore employment could increase total wage payments to labor 150 per cent.

What we should aim at, then, is not a return to the 1926 price level, even though such a return would be desired by the majority of farmers and other debtors who wish the relative burden of their debts reduced once more to that point, but a return to a price level about 10 to 15 per cent below the 1926 level. This means that if other agreements are arrived at in the World Economic Conference, particularly agreements involving the reduction of world tariff and trade barriers, it should not be necessary to devaluate the dollar by more than 25 or 30 per cent. If this left the general price level somewhat below that of 1926, it would of course mean that the government, home-owners, farmers, and other debtors would still have to pay back in terms of commodities somewhat more than they had borrowed before 1929 in terms of commodities. But it is necessary to strike a compromise between the interests of various classes; and the interests of industrial labor, because it constitutes a larger section of the population than any other class, must receive chief consideration.

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German Culture in Exile

By EMIL LENGYEL

CULTURE, as that term is generally understood among the civilized people of the world, is in process of annihilation in the Nazi Third Reich. The eminence in the natural and social sciences, in the arts, and in literature which Germany had reached during the nineteenth and early twentieth century is being superseded by the Nazi *Kultur,* a cult resting on widely propagated untruth imposed by blood and iron. It retains and exalts the worst aspects of Prussianism and Kaiserism, while rejecting as false and unworthy of the new Teutonism the great intellectual achievements of the Second Reich and of the Republic. The true torch-bearers of civilization in Germany are in exile, in prison, or without work, and are labeled "public enemies."

Adolf Hitler complained in one of his addresses: "We are suffering from overeducation." Captain Hermann Göring, Premier of Prussia, contributed a touch of Nazi mysticism to the problem: "The true German thinks with his blood." Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and of Enlightenment, wrote recently: "Art cannot be tolerated in the absolute sense in which liberal democracy understands it." Hans Hinkel, State Commissioner in the Prussian Kultusministerium, was more specific: "For the resurrection of our culture we have to thank the SA-men [storm-troopers]."

The theoretical foundation of the Nazis' effort for a new culture will be found in Ernst Kriek's recent book, "The National Socialist Education," which is rapidly becoming the Bible of Nazi teachers. "The age of pure reason and of unprejudiced, free science is over," writes Herr Kriek. The Third Reich glories in the suppression of individuality, and the ideal of the community must be the "völkischer Mensch," the "race man," bare of personal traits, subordinating his knowledge and will to the Fatherland. Since, however, this service of the nation in the abstract requires pure-blooded Brahmans, Professor Schultze-Naumburg, formerly an architect and now a blood expert, proclaims: "The word Nordic is not a geographic but an ethnic conception," and therefore a person's artistic taste depends not on his sensitiveness and aesthetic response but on his racial *Weltanschauung* —the product of his blood.

A recent list of the Committee to Aid the Victims of German Fascism in Paris contains the names of the university professors who up to the middle of April had been forced by the Nazis to resign. About 40 per cent of them are Jews, an unknown percentage have Jewish antecedents, and the rest are liberals and pacifists. Professor Albert Einstein, Public Enemy No. 1 in the Third Reich, was in Holland when last heard of. "Yes, we want him," wrote a Nazi paper, "but in our jails." Einstein is "wanted" by the police of Prussia for alleged spreading of atrocity stories abroad. Professor James Franck, of the University of Göttingen, winner of the Nobel Prize for physics, and holder of the Iron Cross for gallant service in the war, resigned voluntarily before he was forced to leave. A professor of Berlin University who is neither a Jew nor a liberal describes Professor Franck, a pioneer of atomic research, as the greatest experimental scholar of the age, an ornament of German culture.

Fritz Haber, of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin, winner of the Nobel Prize for chemistry, was made to resign, although his work in frustrating gas attacks during the World War by the use of masks and by chemical means were of the greatest importance for the Second Reich. His researches led at that time to the establishment of the Haber-Bosch method for the production of ammonia from atmospheric nitrogen, which prevented Germany's early breakdown in the war after nitrate imports from Chile had become impossible. The following are some of the renowned professors of political economy dismissed by the Nazis: M. J. Bonn of the Handelshochschule of Berlin, "one of the most human living economists," according to the London *Times*; Ernst Kahn of the University of Frankfort, editor of the excellent *Wirtschaftskurve*; Emil Lederer of the University of Berlin, author of several standard works on theoretical national economy and editor of the *Archives of Social Sciences and Social Politics;* and Wilhelm Röpke of the University of Marburg, author, among other works, of "What Is Wrong with the World?" a highly patriotic attack on the reparations policy of the late Allies.

Among the dismissed professors of public and international law and of sociology the following are particularly outstanding: Ernst Kantorowicz of the University of Kiel, author of the standard work on Frederick II and one of the greatest authorities on the First Reich; Dr. Hans Kelsen of the universities of Berlin and Cologne; Karl Mannheim of the University of Frankfort, a worker in war and peace problems; Karl E. Pribram of the same university, an authority on labor questions; Walter Schücking, member of the German delegation to the Versailles Peace Conference and justice at the Hague Court of Arbitration.

Some of the best-known medical professors and psychologists have resigned or have been forced to resign, including: Ferdinand Blumenthal, director of the Berlin University Cancer Research Institute and general secretary of the Central Committee to Combat Cancer; R. Höber of the University of Kiel, physiologist; Fritz Kauffmann of the University of Halle, an authority on criminal psychology; Robert Scheller of the University of Breslau, bacteriologist, who committed suicide after having been arrested and [illegible] the Nazi Brown Shirts; William Stern of the University of Hamburg, an authority on child psychology; William Zondek, known among physicians all over the world for his studies on the female sex hormones and for his coauthorship of a pregnancy test.

Among the outstanding professors of philosophy and philology who have been deprived of their appointments, the following must be specially noted: Ernst Cassirer of the University of Hamburg; Edmund Husserl of the University of Kiel, founder of the phenomenological school of philosophy; Hermann Jacobsen of the University of Marburg, who committed suicide after his dismissal. Two department heads of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin, Professors Herbert Freundlich and Michael Polányi, who Professor Einstein told the writer were among the most productive scholars in

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their fields, were also obliged to resign. I have mentioned only the best-known members of German university staffs who have been driven out. Many other distinguished but less well-known men have been forced to resign their posts. In the middle of April the university professors known to have been dismissed by the Nazis numbered about 125, and a month later the number was estimated to be twice as large.

The Nazi student corporations are issuing certificates of confidence to the professors of whose political beliefs they approve and are boycotting the lectures of the others. On one day, April 25, according to the *Neue Züricher Zeitung,* the Prussian Kultusminister gave "leave of absence" to more than thirty non-Aryan and Marxian university professors. Professor Eduard Spranger of the University of Berlin, a Nationalist and anti-republican, resigned his chair of philosophy in protest against the students' arrogance.

It is not yet possible to give a full list of the authors whom the Third Reich has forced into exile. Some of the leaders of German thought could not escape in time and are now in Nazi hands. Ludwig Renn, whose book "War" was greeted as a masterpiece, is under lock and key. So is Baron von Schönaich, formerly a major general in the imperial army, now a convert to pacifism. Erich Mühsam, the poet, sixty-five years of age, was last seen digging trenches in the citadel of Spandau. Carl von Ossietzky, one of the most outspoken radical editors, is in an internment camp. Martin Huber, the author of mystical stories inspired by Jewish legends, was arrested in the first days of the Brown Terror, but is now thought to be free and in safety. Prague newspapers have reported that the wife of Arnold Zweig is being kept as a hostage in a Nazi barracks until her husband returns. But the majority of the men and women who have given luster to contemporary German literature are in exile. Gerhart Hauptmann is not certain of his welcome home; he has read in the foreign press that the public square named after him in his native Obersalzbrunn has been renamed for Adolf Hitler. Thomas Mann prefers the fresh air of the Swiss Alps to the moldy-smelling internment camps of the Nazis, and has refused Berlin's invitation to return for the renewal of his passport. His friends are said to have applied in his behalf to the League of Nations for a Nansen Certificate, issued to men without a country.

"Woe to him if we catch him," was the headline of an article in the *Völkischer Beobachter* telling Lion Feuchtwanger, beloved everywhere except in his native country, what sort of reception he would have in Germany. The [illegible] or radical dramatists, Walter Hasenclever, Fritz von Unruh, and Ernst Toller, are abroad. But what were the crimes of Emil Ludwig, Erich Maria Remarque, Jacob Wassermann, and the two Zweigs—to pick at random a few famous names—that brought upon them the Nazi wrath? And why is Vicki Baum so hated in the Third Reich?

Some of the best-known German publicists are also in exile. The "Thunderer" of the *Berliner Tageblatt,* Theodor Wolff, was last sighted in Switzerland, on his way to Florence. Alfred Kerr, whose vitriolic comments on the stage should have been a source of delight to the Nazis, is in exile. Rudolf Olden, formerly of Vienna and more recently of Berlin, one of the most brilliant publicists of the younger generation, has returned to his native Austria, ready to move on again if the Nazis wrest the power from Chancellor Dollfuss.

The theater and the concert room have not been overlooked by the terror detachments of the Brown House. The Nazi press recently congratulated Aryan Germany on getting rid of Max Reinhardt, with whom the Deutsches Theater has severed relations. Max Pallenberg, Kortner, and Bergner, to mention only a few of the many actors thrown out by the Nazis, are abroad, in search of a country where German culture is welcome. Professor Fritz Busch, music director of the Dresden State Opera—one of Europe's artistic centers—was dismissed by the state, and the Opera was turned over to an executive committee of youthful Nazis who vow to shame even Wotan with their Aryan zeal. General Music Director Bruno Walter cannot conduct orchestras in the Third Reich.

Women intellectuals are hardest hit by the hatred of culture of Hitler Germans, for in the Third Reich there is no place for intellect and, outside of the kitchen, no place for women. In this respect, too, the example of the first two Reichs has inspired the Nazis. In the First Reich of Frederick Barbarossa the woman was a chattel, supposedly devoid of feeling and intelligence. The official policy of the Second Reich toward women was defined by Wilhelm II: for them only three things were possible—"Kirche, Küche, Kinder." Beyond the kirk, kitchen, and cradle the women of the Third German Reich are not expected to contribute to the greatness of the country. Among the women intellectuals the cleansing process has been more thoroughgoing. The universities have been purged of female professors; Emmy Nöther of the University of Göttingen, Marianne Kunze and Gerda Simons of the University of Frankfort are no longer teaching. The books of Hertha von Gebhardt, Rahel Sanzara, and Anna Seghers are on the index of orthodox Nazis. Käthe Kollwitz, painter and sculptor, was forced out of the Prussian Art Academy. The battle cry for women is, "Back to the Kitchen for Hitler and Fatherland!"

Who are the intellectual leaders of the *Kultur* of the Third Reich? "Only a few will be called to transmute this movement into artistic values," said the Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment. Of these few none is more vocal than Hans Heinz Ewers, author of macabre novels and of two recent books in which Hitler is hailed as the Rider of the German Night. Another hysteric hailer of the Teutonic dawn is Max Barthel, formerly a labor poet of the extreme left, a founder of the Communist Youth International, and self-confessed prodigal son. Arnold Bronnen has turned his coat so quickly that the Nazis are inclined to forget for the present that he was born a Jew. He is the author of super-Wedekindisch plays. Of these "The Parricide" is the best known—a play for which he had been denounced as a *Kultur-bolschevist* and a *Minusmensch.* Bruno Brehm, a promising young author whose recent fictionized history of the events leading up to the World War, "Apis und Este," was so pacifistic that its English translation received the title "They Call It Patriotism," keeps company with Rudolf G. von Binding, an admirer of the baroque d'Annunzio and of the simple Greeks, author of "Advice to a Lady-Love on Horsemanship." The rest of the authors approved by the Nazis belong in the class of the "unknown writer." Who has ever heard of the Herren Billinger, Blank, Bohlmann, Euringer, Gmehlin, Haken, Heinz, whose books have been ordered to take the places of the works of Heine, Lassalle, Marx, and Walther Rathenau.

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The "cold pogrom" in the theaters has left the stage open to the hordes of secret dramatists among the Nazi youth who want to be rewarded for their patriotic zeal with a place among the immortals. The patriotic drama is the latest fad, and Albert Leo Schlageter, the young student-officer who was executed by the French in the Ruhr ten years ago, is the lion of the stage. Hans Johst, dictator of the Berlin State Theater, has hastened to sell his drama about Schlageter to the institution of which he is the little Hitler. Paul Beyer has written another Schlageter tragedy, "The Düsseldorf Passion," which even Nazi critics have to admit is as bad as its title. In Max Reinhardt's former workshop the Nazis are playing Professor Kurt Kluge's superpatriotic "Eternal Nation," the dramatization of German Austria's battle against the Serbs. Another stage hit, by order of the Minister of Propaganda, is Hans Kyser's "The Frontier Is Aflame"—a telling title.

The purifying process has wrought the most terrific havoc with the German press. An official Nazi publication says: "Next to the Bourse the press is Juda's most valuable tool for extending its power"; and Dr. Joseph Goebbels said: "It is my intention to play on the press as on a piano." The independent press is gone. The *Frankfurter Zeitung,* until the advent of the Nazis one of the world's leading journals, makes fitful attempts to remain independent, but the *Berliner Tageblatt* has been completely "coordinated," so that this so-called Jewish international-capitalist paper of liberal Germany has become a Nazi organ printing eulogies about "Our Hitler." The Nazis propose to enrol every journalist in a Fascist press union, admission to which may be obtained only by producing a certificate of racial purity, a membership card in the Nazi party, and convincing proof that the prospective journalist is sufficiently devoid of individual thought not to do anything that might displease his masters.

German culture has taken refuge abroad, chiefly in France. Committees have been formed in Paris to help the intellectual émigrés as well as the others. French authors are giving a helping hand to their German confreres, and the League of the Rights of Man is active on their behalf. Efforts are being made to place the dismissed professors in the leading universities of the world. The historian of the future may comment on the ironic spectacle of a so-called patriotic regime that stabs German culture in the back and forces its representatives to seek refuge across the Rhine.

The Supreme Court Blocks Utility Regulation

By WILL MASLOW AND E. MICHAEL WHITE

WHILE public-utility consumers all over the country rightly complain about excessive utility rates and seek improvement in the personnel of their public-service commissions, the real villains in the piece—nine black-robed old gentlemen in Washington (or a majority thereof)—escape attention and criticism. In the shadow of the Capitol, far removed from the whirr of turbines, the roar of waterfalls, or the ring of the utility bill-collector, the United States Supreme Court, "the watchdog of the Constitution," manufactures decisions which thwart the public desire and interest, cause the more enlightened regulatory commissions to throw up their hands in disgust, and permit the utilities to enjoy the benefits of anarchic monopoly. The latest decision of the Supreme Court on public-utility regulation, handed down May 8, 1933, in the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company case, and hailed as a great step forward, is only another reminder that the chief obstacle to effective regulation is the attitude of the Supreme Court on the all-important and little-understood question of "valuation."

In November, 1930, the California Railroad Commission ordered a cut in the gas rates of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company which was calculated to reduce the company's revenues by about 9 per cent. The company appealed to the federal courts, invoking the magic word "confiscation." Two and one-half years later the Supreme Court reviewed the case. The court upheld the new rate, since it allowed a return of 7.7 per cent on the commission's valuation based on the theory of "historical cost," and a return of 7 per cent on the valuation based on the "reproduction-cost theory." (These theories and their importance will be discussed farther on.) The rate order of the California commission which the Supreme Court upheld was hardly a revolutionary or daring one. For example, it failed to deduct anything for depreciation (a minimum of $7,650,000), which it might have done under the law. The Supreme Court used this difference to account for the mythical "going value."

Although the Supreme Court achieved a proper result in upholding this order, which it could hardly have reversed, the opinion itself, written by Chief Justice Hughes, only served further to muddle the already muddled utility law by perpetuating the confusion and uncertainty which now exist. The "liberal minority" of the Supreme Court, headed by Mr. Justice Brandeis, failed to dissent from this unsatisfactory decision. The dissent, however, was forthcoming from Justices Butler and Sutherland, who asserted that the company's property was being confiscated. Mr. Justice Butler could have concurred safely in the majority opinion in this case. But the learned Justice, in his early days a utility lawyer, found it necessary to dissent very vigorously from the majority opinion. He said: "As the commission's refusal to apply principles of valuation established by our decisions resulted in *arbitrary undervaluations,* the prescribed rates should on that ground be set aside."

The financial history of a utility company claiming confiscation is worthy of comment. In 1924 the Los Angeles company paid a dividend of 33.75 per cent, which included a stock dividend of 25 per cent. In 1925 the dividend on the capitalization thus inflated was 9 per cent; in 1926, 9.8 per cent. In 1927 another stock dividend was declared, this

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time of 21.42 per cent, making a total dividend for the year of 35.17 per cent. In 1928, on this last increased capitalization, the company paid a dividend of 16 per cent; in 1929, 17 per cent; and in 1930, the year before the "confiscation," 21 per cent. In 1931, after the alleged confiscation (also in the second year of the depression), the company paid a dividend of 16.75 per cent on its common stock. Meanwhile, the company's surplus increased from $381,212 in 1916 to $4,176,663 in 1929, while its depreciation reserve increased from $3,804,383 to $16,804,105 in the same period.

All the common stock of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company is held by the Pacific Lighting Corporation, a holding company. This happy parent of so productive a child paid a 16 per cent dividend on its common stock in 1926 and 1927. In 1929 it split its common stock ten for one, and since that time has paid $3 a share on each of the new shares, or 30 per cent on the original par value of $100. (It should be recalled that electric utilities, according to their own propaganda, make no profit.) How could a corporation with such a dividend record even get into the Supreme Court with a plea of confiscation? The answer is that "confiscation" means "legal confiscation," and under its interpretation of the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment the Supreme Court may find that even profitable utilities are being "deprived" of their constitutional rights. Rates are fixed in the first instance by regulatory commissions established by State legislatures. The federal courts may, however, forbid such rates, on the theory that the utility has a constitutional right to a fair return on the fair value of its property, commonly referred to as the rate base. If the federal court believes that the rates fixed by the State commission are so low that the utility will be unable to earn what the court regards as a fair return on that rate base, it declares the rates confiscatory and enjoins their enforcement.

There are two conflicting theories as to the correct method for determining fair value: one is the theory of original cost; the other is the theory of reproduction cost. According to the first method, advocated by Mr. Justice Brandeis and spokesmen for the consumer, the fair value, or rate base, is fixed as that sum originally invested in the business. Advocates of this theory contend that if an investor receives adequate dividends on his actual investment (taking into consideration the nature of the public-utility industry) he ought to be satisfied. According to the second method, the fair value of a utility is fixed as the present cost of reproducing it. This theory as applied in a period of rising prices has meant millions of dollars added to the rate base and therefore to rates.

The cost-of-reproduction theory has few defenders besides utility lawyers and certain members of the Supreme Court. Its vices are many: it is based on illogical premises, it calls for frequent and expensive appraisals of utility property, and it loads the rate base with mythical items of value. What is the present value of a complicated and extensive utility business? Spokesmen for the utilities have urged that the present cost of reproducing its property be taken as the sole measure of its value. They might have argued with some justification that the cost of constructing a plant which would produce the present *service* should be taken as a measure of value. But the reproduction-cost theory involves a reproduction of the *plant* and not of the *service*. For example, if plants of the New York Edison Company were to be torn down, its obsolete machinery producing direct current would surely not be replaced. But the New York Edison Company insists that in measuring the value of its property the present cost of reproducing its entire plant, with its inefficient locations, its small generating units, its dangerous overhead wires, its direct-current switchboards, must be determined and included in the rate base.

The cost-of-reproduction theory is not only illogical, but demands a technique of pure guesswork. How delusive the supposed exactness of this technique is can be seen from the conflicting estimates of the value of the property of the Los Angeles company. The commission determined the "fair value" of the company's property to be $65,500,000. The utility company's engineers testified to a figure of $95,000,000, an excess of 50 per cent!

But if the imagination of high-priced appraisal experts is given free rein in evaluating physical properties, their fancies are absolutely unfettered in evaluating so-called "intangible factors." The Consolidated Gas Company, for example, insisted some years ago that in estimating the cost of reproducing its gas mains extra items of cost would have to be added, since the improvement in highway construction made street openings more expensive! Another utility company insisted that in the process of calculating the value of its property, if it were to be reproduced *de novo,* the cost of training its engineers and of making its consumers gas conscious should be included in the rate base!

Another figment of the imagination for which the public pays is the item of "going value." What this item is, it is not for us to attempt to explain. Far be it from lawyers to rush in where judges fear to tread. According to Chief Justice Hughes, who wrote the opinion in the Los Angeles case, going value is "an element of value in an assembled and established plant doing business and earning money, over one not thus advanced." This sounds suspiciously like "good-will." Yet the court specifically stated that "going value" was not to be confused with "good-will," and good-will, as an item of value, was excluded by the Supreme Court a generation ago. The result is that today only a Supreme Court justice can distinguish between the good-will that was barred and the going value that is admitted.

In the Los Angeles case the Supreme Court found that the value of the property as valued by the commission on an original-cost basis was $5,600,000 less than when calculated on a reproduction-cost basis. Since price levels at the time of construction were higher than those prevailing in 1930, as the court itself pointed out, there was no reason why the reproduction cost should have exceeded the original cost by $5,600,000. Instead of pointing out this error of the commission, the Supreme Court called the excess "going value," thus swelling the rate base by about 8 per cent. When the reproduction-cost theory in a period of low prices favors the consumer for the first time in twenty years, a reactionary court may nullify the effect of falling prices by swelling the rate base with the mythical item of going value.

Another vice in the reproduction-cost theory is the necessity for periodic reappraisals—at the consumers' expense. Since reproduction costs depend upon the current cost of labor and materials, every major shift in price levels demands a new valuation. In the Los Angeles case the California commission fixed the "fair value" of the utility's property at $65,000,000 on the basis of 1930 prices. After two and one-

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half years of litigation this valuation was upheld by the Supreme Court by a six-to-two vote. Meanwhile, an unprecedented drop in prices has rendered the valuation hopelessly out of date. If the California Railroad Commission were vigilant—and equipped to do the work of reappraising—it would have to start another rate case, which would be passed upon by the Supreme Court in 1936.

Vicious as the theory of reproduction cost is, it is at least better than no theory at all, which is precisely the state of the law today as a result of the Los Angeles case. During the many years of high price levels a rule seemed to crystallize from the Supreme Court's learned if not lucid opinions that in determining the value of utility properties "dominant emphasis" had to be given to reproduction cost. While prices were rising, this theory worked well for the companies, resulting in larger rate bases, higher rates, and soaring dividends. Now that prices are dropping and the consumer is about to gain from an application of the reproduction-cost theory, we find the Supreme Court edging away from it in the Los Angeles case. Chief Justice Hughes tacitly repudiated the "dominant-emphasis" theory and stated that neither reproduction cost nor historical cost was to be used exclusively in computing value. He wrote: "The weight to be given to historical cost and to cost of reproduction new is to be determined in the light of the facts of the particular case."

This "light" throws a feeble glimmer in the tangled forests of public-utility law. "Facts" are of no help in determining how much weight must be given to each factor. What is necessary is rules, based not on arbitrary intuitions but on logic. In this situation such rules are impossible to formulate. If the Supreme Court had directed that fair value be fixed at some point between historical and reproduction cost, the lack of meaning of such an arbitrary direction would have been apparent. So the court hedged, as it has hedged ever since the first public-utility valuation case came before it in 1898. It refused to formulate a workable method of choosing between original cost and reproduction cost. The result is that public-utility commissioners, in addition to being lawyers, economists, and engineers, must also be psychics. They must guess which way the court will jump next, because it is impossible to know which theory to follow, or how much weight to give each factor of value.

Had the California commission not feared an arbitrary reversal, it might have reduced the rate base to as low a figure as $45,000,000, by subtracting from its valuation figure the entire amount of the depreciation reserve. This would have resulted in an additional annual saving to consumers of at least $1,500,000 and reduced the company's revenues by 18 per cent instead of 9 per cent. Despite this additional reduction the company would still have been able to pay a 9 per cent dividend on its common stock in 1931, the second year of the depression.

The solution of the problem is to deprive the federal courts of power to interfere with the rulings of public-utility commissioners. This would require legislation. If such legislation be declared unconstitutional, as it may well be, a constitutional amendment would then be necessary in order to make this change. In the many years that would have to elapse before such an amendment became law, State ownership ought to be sought. Under State ownership the troublesome question of valuation for rate-making purposes would never arise. The present system of regulation is defended today only by the public utilities.

(This is the fifth of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The sixth will appear in an early issue.)

Children on Strike

By PAUL COMLY FRENCH

Allentown, Pennsylvania, May 20

SHOCKING conditions in the sweatshops of Pennsylvania, where 200,000 men, women, and children work long hours for starvation wages, became front-page news through the efforts of the "baby strikers" of the Lehigh Valley. Aided by the presence of Mrs. Gifford Pinchot on their picket line, they won the first skirmish in their fight against intolerable conditions when some of the employers signed an agreement providing for shorter working hours, a minimum-wage scale, and an immediate 10 per cent increase in wages. Unfortunately the agreement does not affect all the mills in Allentown or those in Easton, Northampton, and Catasqua, where the children are still on the picket line.

Another victory against the sweatshop was won in Philadelphia when 5,000 garment workers, encouraged by the public support of the children's strike against the Morris Freezer plant in Allentown and the D. & D. shirt factory in Northampton, a nearby borough, went on strike. Within two days the operators signed an agreement raising wages 10 per cent, establishing a forty-four-hour week in place of the previous fifty-four-hour week, and allowing complete unionization of the shops.

Meanwhile Governor Pinchot's commission for the investigation of sweatshops will continue its hearings with a view to recommending to the next session of the General Assembly legislation which would abolish sweatshops and child labor in Pennsylvania. These hearings have so far produced tales of hideous working conditions, long hours, and miserable wages, comparable only to those which obtained in the earliest years of the Industrial Revolution. They have also revealed the forces of reaction against which the reformers must contend. Much credit for the limited victory in the children's strike must go to Mayor Fred E. Lewis of Allentown, who has vigorously protested for years against the evils and degradation of the sweatshops. But Charles Fox, burgess of the neighboring borough of Northampton, where the D. & D. plant is located, holds a different view. "If I had my way," he told the Governor's commission, "I'd give no food orders to unemployed persons who urged factory workers to strike." And his wife, who handles unemployment relief in Northampton, has even more amazing ideas. "I don't believe the strikers should be entitled to any unemployment relief," she testified before the commission, "because they don't have souls."

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According to a quiet survey which Mrs. Pinchot has made in every section of Pennsylvania, sweatshops are not confined to the Lehigh Valley and Philadelphia. And many of the case histories she has collected tell a story of lost youth and saddened childhood. In Gottlieb's Sewing Factory at York the usual wage is $3 or $4 a week; girls in Bernstein's Factory at York reported a payment of $2.90 for two weeks' work—an average of 3 cents an hour. At the York Suit Company button sewers receive from $3 to $4 a week for fifty hours; York tobacco workers said they received $2.50 for a week's work totaling fifty hours, while workers in a second cigar factory in this rich Lancaster County agricultural section said their wages averaged $1.60 for fifty-four hours. A silk mill in York charged girls $10 for "teaching them how to become operators." Pressers in the Lehigh Valley Shirt Company in Allentown receive $4 a week as against $14 paid for the same work two years ago. At the Adkins Shirt Company in Allentown only three girls in the place were over fourteen; their pay averaged from $1.30 to $2 a week, while one girl, with seven years' experience, earned the munificent salary of $7 a week. One boy in an Allentown shop earned 10 cents a week for a ten-week period; another Allentown shirt company paid 14 cents a dozen for a complicated operation, a high wage compared with the 8 cents paid for the same operation in another shop. The Caddy Shirt Company of Allentown moved out of town in the night owing four weeks' wages.

Hale A. Guss, borough manager of Northampton, told the Governor's commission that either Harry or Nathan Dashefsky—the two operate one of the worst sweatshops in the Lehigh Valley, the D. & D. Shirt Company—suggested having a gun "planted" on a union organizer. Another State official, a woman, said that one of the Dashefskys asked her why he couldn't have national guardsmen to protect his mill against the "baby strikers."

"Why?" she asked. "Aren't the police sufficient protection?" "Yes," he said, "but they won't fight."

One boy said he worked from 7 a. m. until 5 p. m. and then returned to the factory three nights each week to work from 7 p. m. until 3 a. m.; others told of being ordered to hide in the cellar and on fire escapes when State inspectors came to the mill; many of the girls testified they had been forced to accept the attentions of their employers or face instant dismissal. A titian-haired girl receiving 55 cents a week said the mill superintendent offered her a 100 per cent wage increase if she would accept his attentions at least three times weekly. Others, mere children, told of being taken to New York hotels for week-ends as playthings for the owners of the factories and for the purpose of enticing buyers to purchase shirts made in their mills. State officials, aided by the vigorous demands of Mrs. Pinchot, plan criminal action against these men for violation of the Mann Act.

Other testimony, offered by fourteen-year-old Martin Kroboth, a trimmer, explained how the Dashefsky brothers saved the two-cent check tax by assessing each employee. The boy said his last check, for six days' work, was 96 cents. But he did not get all of that. An additional 10 per cent was deducted as a wage cut together with the two cents for the check tax. Another Allentown employer developed an even better system. He deducted 33 cents a week from the pay envelopes of each child to repay a fine of $100 assessed by the State for his failure to carry workmen's compensation insurance. Frank Selthofer, considered the "fastest" trimmer in the plant, received $1.73 for two weeks' work.

According to figures of the Bureau of Industrial Relations, many of the children are attempting to support entire families on their meager earnings. "Hours of labor in many of the Pennsylvania sweatshops range from fifty to ninety a week," said Stephen Raushenbush, of the bureau, "and the wages start at 50 cents and go to $10. This deplorable condition is responsible for $1.98 silk dresses, 3-for-10-cent cigars, 39-cent silk hosiery, $10 suits and top coats, and 25-cent shirts and neckties." More than half of the men's garment industry of the State operates on a sweatshop basis. The average in the cigar-making industry is about 70 per cent, while about 85 per cent of the production of men's shirts and pajamas is conducted on a sweatshop basis. "The State is powerless in many cases," Mr. Raushenbush said, "because no statutes prevent women from working for $1 a week or men for any figure they'll accept."

Sweatshop conditions affect workers throughout the Commonwealth, from the anthracite coal miners of northeastern Pennsylvania to the soft-coal miners of the southwest, and from the silk and hosiery mills of the east to the shops, factories, and mills of the west. The opening attack on these conditions by the "baby strikers" received immediate support from the Philadelphia *Record* and the Pittsburgh *Press*. The *Record* carried editorials and cartoons depicting the plight of the children, while the *Press*, a Scripps-Howard newspaper, devoted columns to its campaign to rid the State of the evils of the sweatshop. The editor of the *Press*, Edward T. Leech, spoke over the radio as part of the paper's fight. The minor victories in Philadelphia and Allentown are encouraging, but the war on the sweatshop has only begun.

Death of a Puritan

By ROBERT HERRICK

ON the seventh of this May an old man died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, who was perhaps the last of his kind. A small company of grave elderly folk gathered in the big imitation of the New England meeting-house that has replaced Appleton Chapel to honor this colleague, who more than anyone now living symbolized what Harvard College once was and no longer is, what New England and America once venerated and today jeer at—the Puritan. The entire life of this old man, whose years ran into the nineties, had been centered in Harvard College—as student, tutor, professor, overseer, and professor emeritus. The last third of his long life had been lived within the precincts of the Yard in an old wooden house that had formerly been the home of another Harvard worthy. During half a century his slight, drab person might have been seen any morning of the college year going across the college Yard to chapel. The Sunday before he died he attended morning service. After that day he never rose again from his bed, and thus completed the lifelong worship of his God.

Education—of himself and of others—was to George Herbert Palmer the one supremely worth-while human function. He magnified it, and its dignity was reflected in his every act. It was the highest form of human service and

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thus approved of God. To be a university professor in Harvard College was the proudest and the noblest career to which man might aspire. To many generations of young men he was the living symbol of single-minded devotion to this ideal. Yet it was less to ideas and learning in itself than to the art of transmission of knowledge to others that he gave himself, and—what is the very essence of the great teacher—the evoking in others of whatever they might possess of intellectual and spiritual force. Withal he was humble; he could work with others, subordinate himself in order to gather around him in his department the ablest minds, men whose reputations as scholars and creative thinkers outshone his own. As he might have phrased it, he was content to merge his own fragmentary self in the greater glory of the whole—an almost forgotten virtue.

So many foolish and defamatory and ignorant things have been said latterly about the Puritan that it is necessary to reiterate those traits of the real Puritan that characterized George Herbert Palmer. Austere with himself in all material ways to the point of asceticism (which as an end in itself he despised), he rejoiced in many forms of art, literature, life. He gave of his modest earnings generously to others, especially to poor and ambitious youths, that they might thereby have more of the joy and beauty which he found in life and be of greater service to others. It is likely that nearly half of all he earned in his long life went in these unostentatious ways to enrich the lives of others.

He loved travel and from his boyhood made many long journeys to different parts of the world, not solely for professional advantage but for culture in the older sense of the word. He loved books and assembled a distinguished library of English literature, in which each acquisition meant judicious choice and pecuniary sacrifice. He loved pictures and sculpture and buildings and knew the treasures of European art as the tramping tourist can never know them, because in his leisurely fashion he lived among them. His personal attachments were strong and deep; anyone who has read his life of his wife must realize how romantically and passionately the Puritan could love. All these attributes of a varied and a rich life—and what better have our modern pagans to offer?—were harmonized within the orderly structure of religious beliefs. Living to him was a divine communion, and became a divine fulfilment.

His vacation periods were passed on the place that his ancestors had reclaimed from the New England wilderness. There he would sit long laborious days at his table in the bare outdoors room where he worked, meditating the felicitously exact phrases that after much toil and revision composed his books, occasionally raising his shortsighted eyes to gaze out over a green meadow to the fringe of pines beyond which rose the white steeple of the village meeting-house where his forefathers had worshiped, where he himself at times conducted the service. From work he might turn to reading aloud from some well-remembered classic—Homer, Sophocles, Milton, Browning, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, his own George Herbert. His taste in letters was catholic but aristocratic. Even when the blurred eyes no longer distinguished the printed symbols he would still hold a book and turn its pages, whose record echoed familiarly in his well-stored mind. All in all, there was a harmony, a serenity, a unity, in the life of this ancient Puritan that few in these days ever attain.

In the Driftway

IF the Drifter were in Dixie, as sometimes he has been at this season, he would be enjoying the sight of spacious plowed acres—great purple fields of rich loam stabbed with the green and pink of young cotton plants. For although the Drifter heard much last winter about overproduction of cotton, he is not sure that the hearing of the farmers of the South was as acute, and anyhow he knows them to be men of tradition who planted cotton this spring because they always had planted it and otherwise would not have known what to plant. After all, the South is the land of "co'n an' cotton," and if one can no longer grow those crops at a profit, what can one grow? So, although the Drifter never reads crop reports, he is serenely confident that all the way across the southern tier of the United States from Georgia to California there lie countless acres of cotton plants shooting up into the warm air.

* * * * *

BUT although the South—much of it, at least—accepts change with considerable caution and some pain, it does accept it, and possibly is due soon to embrace the greatest evolution in its industrial life since, nearly 150 years ago, an inventive Massachusetts boy named Eli Whitney, while puttering around a farm in Georgia, devised a machine for separating cotton from its seeds. Eli Whitney's gin, which made enormous quantities of cotton available for manufacture at low cost, was one of the historic bases of the Industrial Age, but although in the interval since its introduction machines have been invented for harvesting almost all our other staple crops, it still is necessary to pick the great agricultural product of the South by hand. There have, of course, been many attempts to devise mechanical cotton pickers, but with little practical success. Recently, the Drifter hears from a correspondent, a machine has been invented by John D. Rust and his brother MacDonald Rust which when tried out in Louisiana last autumn seemed to many observers, including some technicians, to solve the problem. The new device makes use of a "wet spindle," somewhat as our grandmothers moistened the rotating spindle of the spinning wheel to cause the cotton to adhere to it in spinning thread. It is said that the new machine will reduce the cost of picking cotton, now $10 to $20 a bale, to $1.70 or $.85, doing the work of 40 to 100 human pickers according to the heaviness of the crop.

* * * * *

THE human repercussion of this machine, if successful, is what most interests the Drifter. Inevitably it would end what is left—and there is a good deal—of the old plantation system historically associated with the South. The fact that much human labor is now necessary in picking cotton has meant a demand for many agricultural laborers—predominantly Negroes—at the harvest season, and if they are to be there then, they must somehow be supported through the rest of the year. Thus there has been a certain economic pressure against the introduction of machinery of any sort. As it is, the South presents odd contrasts in farming. In one section one sees a Negro man—or woman—precariously

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guiding a single-share plow drawn by a patient mule, while in another a giant tractor will be hauling a string of multiple-disc plows relentlessly in its wake. If the mechanical cotton picker comes to the South, it will be in general use first in the section west of the Mississippi River. While the "Old South," lying to the eastward, has stuck tenaciously to tradition, the farmers of the great level acres of Texas and the irrigated cotton lands of Arizona and California's Imperial Valley have copied the agriculturists of the Middle West in the use of factory technique.

* * * * *

TO a country already desperate with the problem of unemployment the invention of a machine calculated to throw out of work several million more persons may seem to be a doubtful benefit. But maybe it isn't quite impossible to hope that a mechanical cotton picker, together with other factors, may lead men finally to use the machine for what from the first should have been its primary purpose—the creation of leisure for the masses through the drastic curtailment of human toil. So far the machine has availed hardly at all in that direction, having been concentrated in producing what we call a "higher standard of living." Part of this, of course, has been genuine progress, but a melancholy remainder has actually contributed to the stultification of intelligent human development by a bewildering, enmeshing plethora of jimcracks and gadgets.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Relieving Unemployment in Alameda County

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Babbitt has turned racketeer in this foggy county across the bay from San Francisco. Such a characterization may sound harsh, but when the unemployed are set to work strike-breaking at fifty cents a day net, it is no occasion for euphemisms. It must be noted, in fairness, that only the "indigent" unemployed are affected, and that they are not forced to work. Their allotment of fifteen cents' worth of groceries per day is merely discontinued if they refuse.

I am an "indigent," so I know whereof I speak. I have been strike-breaking, picking peas at fifty-four cents a hundred pounds, while armed deputies patrol the highways and loll in fence corners to the end that my head be not broken. An empty stomach argues most eloquently. Even the regular pea-pickers, inured to low wages, balked at this rate. Of course, it was really the long arm of the Communists, stirring up discontent, which put the idea of revolt into their heads. The newspapers make no bones about it. So when Judge Allen Norris, representative of the pea-growers, declared that 4,000 men could be given work, the Board of Supervisors of the county, pausing not an instant to examine the accuracy of his statement (lest he be offended, perhaps) withdrew "aid" from that number of "indigents." A practical plan for thwarting the red menace.

I am an active man, but not an adept at pea-picking. I can gross one dollar in a ten-hour day, which leaves me seventy-five cents after I buy gasoline to feed the greedy maw of my worn-out automobile. There are ominous streaks of white fabric showing in the tread of the tires, but I shut my eyes to them. In a way I am fortunate. I have found a grower who could use an extra man. The young chap next door spent half a day and a precious half-dollar's worth of gasoline searching in vain. Furthermore, I live halfway out to the fields from the metropolis of Oakland. I am moved to wonder what net return accrues to the unfortunates who live in the city proper, as do the great majority of the "indigents." They must go twenty-five miles to the center of the pea fields—the round trip is fifty miles. With gasoline at seventeen cents per gallon the transportation cost must be fifty cents at the very minimum.

Of course, the down-and-out peasants who were once mechanics and clerks might net more than fifty cents a day if they stayed on the job and pitched their tents in the fields—if they had money to buy tents to shelter them against the dew and occasional showers. But the sheriff's deputies who guard the fields by day go home at night, and the chaparral is full of strikers, none of whom are in too good humor.

I have actually been searched for concealed weapons by fidgety sheriff's deputies, who, if their nervous actions are any gauge, will flee the pea fields in terror if the threat of the strikers materializes. I must admit, however, that the officers appear to have a measure of courage. Some forty of them, armed with clubs and pistols and with a reserve of tear-gas bombs, routed eighty "Communist" pea-strikers only the other day. Two pickers in our gang went home. Perhaps they had some money, or perhaps they had decided that robbing chain stores would be safer.

Yesterday we were crawling among the pea vines on a broad terrace overlooking the beautiful Valle Vista country and the bay. Higher up, in the shade of a eucalyptus grove, I could see a deputy with a rifle across his knees. He is placed there to keep the strikers from dashing in through the wild back-country canyons, and he is getting, I'm told, six dollars per day. I once earned that much, back in the dim past. I even got forty dollars a week and one week's vacation with pay! Why didn't I save some of it? I did. It's all in this house and this piece of land. I'm being foreclosed now. I'll be going down the road the last week in July.

Word has just come that two hundred "Communists" have fought a pitched battle with the deputies and State police. There is talk now of supplying the pickers with firearms. I need that seventy-five cents desperately, terribly, but——

Hayward, Cal., May 10 PEA-PICKER

Help Tom Mooney

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The present trial of Tom Mooney in San Francisco on an old indictment is a critical step in the struggle for his freedom. If the perjury of the original trial is exposed and an acquittal obtained—as is likely—the demand for his pardon can be put much more persuasively to the governor. If that fails, the trial record will furnish a new ground for resort to the federal courts. Mooney is entitled to the best possible showing in the present trial. For that he needs his witnesses, lawyers, and clerical help. But his Defense Committee is almost penniless. Mooney has appealed urgently to his friends to raise at once the less than $1,000 needed to meet these expenses. His lawyers are volunteering their services.

Will readers of *The Nation* contribute, at once and generously, either directly to the Tom Mooney Molders Defense Committee, Box 1475, San Francisco, or through the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, which will transmit the funds to be used for the purposes indicated.

New York, May 19 ROGER BALDWIN

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Mr. Lewisohn Is Right

To the Editors of The Nation:

The hostile critics of Ludwig Lewisohn's article, Germany's Lowest Depths, seem precisely to miss the essential points he makes. These points are (1) the inner tragedy of the abandonment by German Jews of their cultural and religious heritage; (2) the practical and moral need for Jews everywhere to live as Jews.

Elmer Rice, whose comments are shot through with revealingly irrelevant strictures on Mr. Lewisohn's "comparatively recent conversion" and "the barbaric battle cry" of Judaism, states: "In so far as they [Jews] have succeeded in this process of adjustment, they have prospered; in so far as they have pursued the policy of self-segregation which Mr. Lewisohn advocates, they have laid themselves open to the hostility which the alien always incurs." Nazi Germany offers the most recent and complete disproof of this hypothesis. Passionately addicted to "adjustment," German Jews have merely intensified the suspicion and hostility of their enemies by their comparative indistinguishability. Indeed, it is the crypto-Jews and covert Jewish influence against which Nazi frenzy is chiefly directed.

Equally unsound is the logic of the question posed by Ephraim Cross and George L. Trager: "Just what would be the results of a return to the Jewish heritage?" ". . . what good would it do the Jews to further the cause of their enemies by admitting that they are everywhere an alien race?" Whatever good such admission might or might not do, it is at least clear that the denial of the racial bond has brought the German Jew neither outer security nor inner peace. And while I differ with Mr. Lewisohn's stressing of the religious character of the Jewish bond, his conclusion concerning the necessity for an open and avowed Jewishness—if only as a defense reaction or mechanism—seems inescapable. Citadels of refuge are as imperative to the spirit as to the body of a people.

But it is on a positive not a negative issue that Mr. Lewisohn's case ultimately rests. That issue is the right of groups—minorities and majorities alike—to self-realization and self-expression, and the duty of such groups mutually to safeguard this right. No issue is more fundamental to any civilization worthy the name. For it is increasingly clear that cultural and spiritual contributions are not made *in vacuo,* that as Maurice Samuel has written, "My people is my instrument for cooperating with mankind, my channel to humanity. It organizes my affections and hatreds and brings them to effective focus. . . . Love of humanity when not implemented by the love of a people, is usually gushy and diffused sentimentalism. Depend upon it that the man who works for the world as a whole, not through the most immediate, most natural, and most accessible passions, will forget the Eskimos one day, the Chinese the next."

Moreover, the manifest absurdity of Hitler's insistence on a "racially pure state" is merely the extreme and grotesque distortion of the thesis propounded by all Mr. Lewisohn's critics who hold with Mr. Rice that "the gradual breaking down of national, racial, and religious barriers is an essential part of any program for the establishment of an ordered and peaceful society."

However cloaked by millennial aspirations or shrouded in Communist doctrine, this thesis remains a plea for cultural uniformity and a spiritual stencil. As such it overlooks the human need for and right to *Eigenart*—as inherent in the group as in the individual. It wholly misses the basic insight of Mr. Lewisohn that the unity of mankind is not to be achieved at the cost of its national and racial units, whether these be Jewish or any other.

New York, May 14 James Waterman Wise

Please Cancel

To the Editors of The Nation:

Your misconception of contemporary affairs is astonishing. Through the Hitler party a new German nation, a young Germany, has been born. The enthusiasm is enormous. The dream is to get rid of the terrible Treaty of Versailles, which has done so much harm to the world and to our country. The treatment of the Hebrews is a side issue only. Now, there is a physical as well as a psychological law—that for every effect there is a commensurate cause. Apparently you have never tried to inquire into this sudden outburst of anti-Semitic feeling in Germany. I say sudden, because it did not exist prior to about fifteen years ago. And the cause is the conduct of the Hebrews during, but mainly after, the war. It was the Semite Erzberger who signed the Treaty of Versailles; in conjunction with the Socialists the Jews brought Germany to the brink of an abyss politically and, through the inflation ten years ago, financially.

I was rather fond of your publication for many years; but of late it has been on the downward path. It has stooped even so low as to resort to anonymity. The last three issues should have the cover title: *The Nation's* Lowest Depth. Please cancel my subscription.

St. Louis, May 10 C. Barck

A Desperate Citizen

To the Editors of The Nation:

I am a married man with two children. I have worked steadily and saved some money so that I could give my children a proper education and teach them to be honest, upright citizens. A few years ago I purchased a home and was fairly happy. I have a number of life-insurance policies. I have money invested in a guaranteed-mortgage company and also for the past twenty-five years have paid into an organization for an old-age pension.

I lost my home because I lost my position and could not meet the mortgage payment. I tried to borrow on my insurance policies and could not secure any cash. I tried to sell my guaranteed mortgage and I am told I cannot receive any cash on it. I have a second mortgage on a piece of property and am not receiving anything on that. The organization which I have paid into for the last twenty-five years for a pension is in a very shaky position and I am afraid that that will fail shortly.

I have been unemployed now for several months. I have those insurance policies which I should be able to sell for about $3,000; I have that guaranteed-mortgage bond on which I should be able to get about $2,500; and I have money in those closed banks, money in a second mortgage, and money in that old-age organization. Why have the insurance companies a right to refuse to give me the surrender value on my insurance policies? Why can a mortgage company waive its rights on a guaranteed mortgage? Will you kindly let me know why insurance-company officials can receive large salaries and have steady positions while I cannot draw any of my money and have to see my family in want?

What am I to do to keep my family from suffering? Am I to become a vagrant and be sent to jail for being one? Am I going to be driven to steal or commit some other crime because I have been an honest, law-abiding, hard-working citizen? I am not signing this for the reason that I may be termed a radical and sent to jail.

New York, May 9 A Desperate Citizen

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Finance

The Public Returns to Wall Street

BEHIND a new veil of sanctimonious reform Wall Street has been staging a jamboree that has brought tears of gratitude to the eyes of old-time traders. Laments for the lost glories of the Coolidge-Mellon bull markets have given way to a ballyhoo of applause for the new deal, accompanied by loud protestations of concern for the rights of investors and stockholders against the accounting practices and managerial abuses of large corporations. Within the inner circle, however, any private misgivings aroused by some of the principles of the Roosevelt Administration have been tempered by the gleeful discovery that the public has apparently forgotten its burned fingers of past years.

All the familiar signs of a bull market have returned. Once the prospects of inflation started prices rising and brought the public back into deserted customers' rooms, Wall Street demonstrated that its essential business of day-to-day manipulation of the prices of already issued securities at the expense of outside speculators can continue serenely, even though once profitable sidelines such as new security issues and security dealings by bank affiliates come under the cloud of governmental interference. Pool operations, which show the Wall Street system in its most typical form, are spreading like wild fire. The old game of rumor-mongering has been worked with a vengeance. And the public has demonstrated that its childlike faith in the words of wisdom circulating through the brokerage houses remains undimmed.

The ease with which the public succumbs to the carefully planned operations of pools is all the more pathetic since it requires no great perspicacity to detect these maneuvers. The recent price movements in Aviation Corporation of Delaware provide a good illustration. This company is now under the aegis of E. L. Cord, the frustrated little Napoleon of the automobile industry, who as president of the Auburn Automobile Company was closely identified by Wall Street with the notorious pools in that stock. Aviation Corporation also is reported to have gained the market sponsorship of Ben Smith, the erstwhile bear of great short-selling fame. Around the middle of April transactions in this stock suddenly jumped from 5,000 shares daily to an average of about 60,000 shares daily for a period of eight days, during which the market price was raised from 7½ to 10, an appreciation of 33 per cent. This phase had the familiar appearance of the period of pool accumulation. Then, to the accompaniment of widespread tips to buy aviation stocks, on April 26 a demonstration was staged. The volume of sales jumped to 100,000 shares and the price jumped 1½ points to 11½. This was a clear invitation to the public to come in and make money. For nine more days the public apparently did buy, judging from the daily volume of about 45,000 shares, but the bloom was off the rose—the market price of the stock ranged from about 10½ to slightly over 12. Then interest dwindled and the daily transactions shrunk to a fraction of the former rate. What Wall Street calls a "jiggle" had been completed.

This is simply one illustration of the traditional Wall Street technique. There are any number of others that could be cited, all variations of the same trick. The pool in Electric Bond and Share, which has been one of the most precariously situated of the notoriously precarious public-utility holding companies, has been recently revived. In the abortive bull market of last summer this pool carried Electric Bond and Share from 5 to 48, only to let the market price drop back eventually to 10. In the current rally, after the price of the stock had been marked up from 10 to 25, the public was enticed back in by a widespread barrage of propaganda about the so-called "liquidating" value of the stock, which in any form of true liquidation would be largely fictitious. There is also the pool in Continental Motors, a concern which has consistently lost money for the past three years. Aided by affiliations with some of the best tipsters in the Street, as well as with E. A. Pierce and Company, one of the largest brokerage houses, this pool quietly accumulated stock at from 1½ to 3 before the public was invited in. Since then the stock has never sold above 3½.

The one other great source of profitable speculation in Wall Street has also been restored. This is that fine old custom of rugged individualism known as inside buying, whereby directors and officials of companies or their friends profit from advance information before it becomes public. A market rise bearing the familiar appearance of such buying occurred recently in the stock of the Libbey Owens Ford Glass Company, a concern manufacturing most of the so-called shatter-proof glass used in automobiles. Beginning at 10 on April 29, this stock advanced steadily, reaching 16½ by May 7. Justification for this gain was revealed when Governor Lehman signed a bill requiring all new automobiles sold for use in New York State after January 1, 1935, to be equipped with shatter-proof glass. It is true that the stock continued to advance a few points after the news was out, but the early birds had a head start by a margin of 6½ points. A source of possible embarrassment to the Governor in this performance is the fact that until April 13 his brother Robert was a director of Libbey Owens Ford, and that the firm of Lehman Brothers is still represented on the board.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is at present in the United States on a lecture tour.

EMIL LENGYEL is the author of "Hitler" and "The Cauldron Boils," the latter of which deals with Eastern and Central European problems. He has long been an expert on mid-European affairs.

WILL MASLOW and E. MICHAEL WHITE, counsel for the City Affairs Committee, have represented the consumers in various utility cases.

PAUL COMLY FRENCH is a Philadelphia newspaperman.

ROBERT HERRICK, author of "The Common Lot," "Together," and other novels, was graduated from Harvard University in the class of 1890 and came into close contact with Professor Palmer during his undergraduate days.

MARK VAN DOREN is the editor of "American Poets, 1630-1930."

S. K. RATCLIFFE, British publicist and lecturer, is a regular contributor to the London *Spectator*.

CHARLES A. BEARD, author of important volumes on politics and American history, published last fall "A Charter for the Social Sciences."

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English department of Columbia University.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL is the author of "A World Passed By: Scenes and Memories of Jewish Civilization in Europe and North Africa."

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Books, Architecture, Drama

How Can Man His Stature Know

By MARK VAN DOREN

How can man his stature know,
  And so far grow?
How be incapable of less,
  Or of excess?
How can man the image find
That shall be matter to his mind?

How can man be like the least
  Clear herb or beast?
How be faithful, cold or warm,
  To his own form?
How can man as plainly be
As the sure mole, nor ask to see?

How can man contrive to borrow
  No more sorrow?
How return what he has taken?
  Nor be shaken,
When he wears the world no longer,
By the simplicity of hunger?

One Scientist's Belief

The Causes of Evolution. By J. B. S. Haldane. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Science and Human Life. By J. B. S. Haldane. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

LIKE a good many other contemporary scientists, Professor J. B. S. Haldane writes some books with one hand and some with the other. In his case, however, neither is a left, and each of the two present volumes is first-rate in its own way. In the first he presents a semi-technical defense (concluding with some pretty stiff mathematics) of his thesis that Darwin was essentially right in regarding natural selection as the chief cause of evolution, even though the variations to be selected are, for the most part, furnished by gene modifications rather than, as Darwin supposed, by the piling up of inherited variations. In the second, he collects twenty-three miscellaneous essays embodying more or less speculative opinions concerning those questions upon which science has been able to throw some light without having furnished a conclusive answer.

Professor Haldane would be the last to deny that some of these opinions rest upon more solid foundations than others do. Yet even in the realm of opinion a certain importance is given to all his positions by the breadth as well as the thoroughness of his knowledge, by the fact that he is more likely than most to have considered all the available data before expressing his opinion. Perhaps, therefore, the most useful way to review the two books will be to systematize somewhat the various opinions expressed, in order to present the outline which he himself fails to give of his world view.

By way of preliminary it will be as well to state that, unlike Plank and Einstein, he is ready to accept the possibility that the behavior of the individual atom is ultimately indeterminate, but entirely unwilling to attribute to this possible fact the consequences deduced by Eddington, who has suggested that it furnishes a basis for the belief that man is to be regarded primarily as an organism governed by a free will. Whatever the ultimate limits of mechanistic determinism may be, "the investigation of human behavior on scientific lines makes it clear that most of our actions, and in particular most of our moral choices, are rigidly determined." Perhaps it is also worth while to state in these preliminaries that he is radical in politics and distinctly sympathetic to Russia, though he is not a Communist, largely because he believes that the extent of the Communists' emphasis upon economics is unjustified.

Let us now begin at the beginning. Professor Haldane, unlike Jeans, is inclined to believe that the universe need not have been wound up once and for all at a definite moment, but that there is a finite possibility that the present order of the material universe could have organized itself out of chaos. Once that order was established in inanimate nature, life could have come into being, not as the result of a definite creation and not at one step, but through the development of chemical compounds which occupied a position midway between living and non-living matter, similar to that now occupied by the "bacteriophages" found associated with certain microbes. The fact that of two possible types of molecular organization only one is found in any living matter leads him to conclude that this evolution of life took place only once, and that all living things are descended from the one aboriginal organism. But once life is thus established, all subsequent developments become possible, he believes, as the result of potentialities inherent in matter, even though he rejects certain limitations which old-fashioned materialists would impose upon those potentialities.

It is probable that acquired characteristics are not inherited to any very large extent. On the other hand, experiments in artificial selection seem to result in the rather rapid establishment of "pure lines," which cannot be further modified by the selection from among ordinary variations. It is therefore unlikely that evolution took place as the result of the piling up of either acquired characteristics or ordinary variations. But since mutation may possibly involve not only the accumulation of numbers of genes having a similar action, but also the very slow modification of a single gene, it seems probable that all species originated as the result of natural selection operating upon the varieties produced by mutation.

Man, then, has become what he now is as the result of phenomena over which, so far, he has exercised little control. If, however, his future is to be a success, it is necessary that he begin to exercise the control which science makes possible. This does not mean that science must replace morality, and, indeed, it cannot do so for the simple reason that, though science can point out the consequences of lines of conduct, it cannot determine what is "right" and what is "wrong." Neither does it mean that the government of the world should be given over to the fanatics of hygiene or eugenics, whose conclusions are very often based upon ignorance. What it does mean is that man must learn to study scientifically the consequences of any line of action. In the past he has sometimes achieved the end he had in view even though his conduct was based upon a wholly erroneous theory—as when, for example, he successfully founded democracy upon the demonstrable and monstrous fallacy that all men are equal. But the fact that success can sometimes be achieved for reasons other than those which led to a course of action does not render error any less dangerous in general, and the only way to be sure we get what we want is to proceed upon correct principles.

Man is probably capable of evolving into a creature vastly superior to what he now is. Nevertheless, experiment does not confirm the simple dogmas of the eugenists, and little can be

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done in the way of controlled breeding of human beings until a great deal more is known about the science of genetics and about psychology. The complicated possibilities presented by the way in which genes are paired off when the sperm and the egg unite enable us to understand why eugenics is not so simple as some suppose, but we do not yet know enough actually to produce what we want to produce, and for some time to come we shall probably be in a position where we can do no more than eliminate certain grossly undesirable things like the transmission of hereditary syphilis and the breeding among themselves of certain definite types of imbeciles. Nevertheless, we are rapidly approaching the point where our progress or our collapse will be the result of the capacity of the men who govern our destinies. "If our civilization breaks down, it may be because modern industry and transport require organization on so vast a scale that human minds of sufficient reach for the purpose are not available."

I have, of course, been able to report only a few of Professor Haldane's key opinions, and even in the case of them I have been compelled to omit the supporting argument. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable thing about the two books is the fact that so much should turn out to have been systematically covered in a group of essays which get their unity not from any predetermined plan but merely from the fact that they happen to be the product of an extraordinary mind. There is, indeed, only one thing which I wish that Professor Haldane had discussed more fully. He obviously sees the danger inherent in the fact that our increasing knowledge is giving us power to affect the human race as a whole faster than it is giving us any ability to use that power wisely, or even with a sufficient knowledge of the results we are producing. What are the chances that we will ultimately escape destruction at our own hand? We know how to make dynamite. Do we know how to prevent it from going off? JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Youthful English Middle Age

Under the Fifth Rib: A Belligerent Autobiography. By C. E. M. Joad. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

Is Christianity True? A Discussion between C. E. M. Joad and Arnold Lunn. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

MR. CYRIL JOAD, son of Oxford, begins his hard-hitting autobiography by telling us what he was like when, in 1910, he went up to Balliol with a classical scholarship. He presents himself as a typical product of what is called in England a public school—that is, a private and privileged school. He was entirely ignorant of the major events that have determined the course of Western civilization. Modern history was a blank. He had never heard of Galileo, Kant, or Goethe, of Darwin or Faraday, of Thomas Hardy or Bernard Shaw. Such ignorance was, I doubt not, characteristic of certain schools as recently as twenty years ago; it could hardly, I think, be found among senior boys in England today. His college is the one institution for which Mr. Joad admits affection, and he is right, for Balliol gave him his start, and an enviable start, in the intellectual life. His Oxford days were ending when Europe went over the abyss in 1914. He escaped the war, and has ever since been a downright pacifist. "War," says he, "is the one thing that can unite men; it is the one thing they all know to be wrong."

Now Mr. Joad (whose name, by the by, rhymes with road, not Troad) is in the most emphatic sense a child of his age, although belonging to a great school of thought which has fallen to the minority position. He is a convinced believer in Reason, and he rejoices in throwing himself against the cliques and popular crazes of the time. His dislikes are so hearty that at any moment he will turn aside from his own adventures in order to rail against the things he hates, such as the tricks of musicians or the malignant influences that are bringing ruin to the simple joys of the English countryside. He is frank enough about himself; tells of his heady delight in talk and public speaking, of the cocksure youthful ways which caused him to be disliked, of his habit of purloining epigrams and drawing on his invention for his facts. With no little pungency he gives us his preferences in music and modern novels and food. He loves England, and vows that he leaves its shores on one account alone, "the unparagoned brutality of its diet." There is in this personal record less than one might have expected about the author's proper work, which is the popularizing of philosophy. As a lucid and challenging exponent of the main forms of modern thought Mr. Joad has made for himself a distinctive place in a world that is increasingly conscious of itself and its confusion. He is dogmatic about all subjects, and particularly about America, which as yet he does not know. He has, for instance, a notion that the skyscrapers of an American city tend to an unrelieved monotony. Hence he may look for surprises one day on the other side of the Atlantic.

At a time like the present a debate on the truth of Christianity was certain to be undertaken by a pair of writers either here or there. To Mr. Joad's rationalism Mr. Lunn opposes the Anglo-Catholic position, which, as T. S. Eliot is discovering, is the hardest of all positions to defend upon the ground of either history or philosophy. Mr. Joad is the more forceful champion. Mr. Lunn relies continually upon a feline trick of making personal or other small points. More than half the way has been traversed before the actual case is opened, two dozen letters and more having been devoted to almost anything but the truth of Christianity. The disputants have been talking about pain and evil, prayer, the Middle Ages, monasticism, persecution, and what not. Both in turn give evidence of having read up hurriedly. Joad corrects Lunn about "The Bhagavadgita," and Lunn in reply shows himself, for a man born in India, to be in a shocking muddle. Both writers are careless in the extreme about proper names, and Mr. Joad has an odd way of distributing knighthoods. Why should he confer a "Sir" upon professors so well known to us all as Gilbert Murray and George Trevelyan? The book, I need not say, makes very lively reading, and it is right in the track of the modern citizen, young or old. S. K. RATCLIFFE

German Big Business

Cartels, Concerns, and Trusts. By Robert Liefmann. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

IN these troubled times, when the world is again aflame with passion and thought, Germany is taking stock of her economic system. According to reports in the press Hitler is waging war on department stores, cooperative societies, trade unions, chain stores, and public housing projects, and is proposing to return business, building, and real-estate manipulation to the petty bourgeois—those "natural mediators between capital and labor." And Spengler warns his countrymen that the prosperity of great capitalism, with high wages for skilled and organized labor, founded on imperialism and the exploitation of backward peoples, is now passing forever, bringing in the reaction social consequences of immense significance to the future of the West.

Amid these circumstances an English edition of Dr. Robert Liefmann's work on cartels, concerns, and trusts is peculiarly appropriate. While the volume treats the subject broadly and brings other countries into the picture, it devotes special attention to the experience of Germany with these forms of giant

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capitalism. The volume is divided into six parts: the nature and origin of cartels, the effects of cartels on industry, the effects of cartels on the consumer, state regulation of cartels, concerns, and amalgamations, and trusts or monopolistic concerns. The term cartel is defined as a voluntary agreement between, or an association of, independent enterprises of a similar type to secure a monopoly of the market. The essential point emphasized is the monopolization or domination of the market.

In method of treatment, the volume is systematic rather than historical or speculative. Cartels are classified into regional or zone, price-fixing, and production organizations. Then an inquiry is made into the effects of cartels on firms within their range, on the expansion of the cartelized industries, on outside producers, on the workers, on rationalization and technical progress, on production, on price-cutting for export, on merchants, and on trade fluctuations. For American readers the chapter dealing with legal regulation of cartels in Germany will doubtless prove most interesting and relevant, especially the passages describing the provisions and operations of the Ordinance against the Misuse of Economic Power, published in 1923. If, as suggested, the Sherman anti-trust law should be modified and trade associations permitted under regulations enacted in the public interest, German experience would prove illuminating. Also pertinent to the American situation is the chapter on state encouragement and nationalization of cartels.

From cartels Dr. Liefmann passes to concerns and amalgamations. A concern he defines as "a merger of firms which remain juridically independent of one another into a single unit for purposes of productive technique, administration, trading, or (especially) finance." Here he gives examples and describes methods employed. In the trust he finds the two tendencies—toward monopolistic association and toward the formation of great industrial complexes—converging in a monopolistic fusion or merger. In some cases the distinctions are not clean-cut, but these conceptions serve for convenient grouping and do in fact correspond with fair accuracy to the characteristics covered.

Having analyzed cartels, concerns, and trusts, and described their organization and methods, Dr. Liefmann faces the future, somewhat gingerly, in the final chapter. Are we headed for a restoration of competition, private monopoly, state control, or socialization? Our author does not speak dogmatically, although his personal opinion is clear. He does not accept the Socialist contention that this gigantic organization of industry is only a step to socialization. He finds a great deal of capitalism—private enterprise, initiative, competition—within the frame of organization and, like most American economists, desires to "save" as much of capitalism as possible. He agrees with the Socialists in thinking that "the sphere of state economic action will certainly be extended still further," but believes that striving for gain on the part of employers and employees should not be eliminated. He holds that "the proletarians must be given a better chance of climbing, and must be given an interest in production by means of profit-sharing schemes." With reference to social leveling up, Dr. Liefmann would rely mainly on income and inheritance taxes. In a valuable analytical introduction Professor D. H. MacGregor, of Oxford University, goes a step beyond the author and contemplates the possibility of stabilizing industry and employment and integrating the interests of producer, employee, and consumer, placing certain industries, perhaps, on the basis of utilities affected with a public interest. If the reader wishes to do his own speculation as to coming things, this volume furnishes solid substance, which should be supplemented by Laidler's "Concentration in Industry" and that still more microscopic and challenging book—Berle and Means's "The Modern Corporation and Private Property." And the writings of Lenin for 1917, now available in English, ought to be added to this body of materials and thought.

CHARLES A. BEARD

Charlotte's Dream Empire

Legends of Angria. Compiled from the Early Writings of Charlotte Brontë by Fannie E. Ratchford, with the Collaboration of William Clyde DeVane. Yale University Press. $3.50.

WHEN, in 1846, Charlotte Brontë began work on "Jane Eyre," her first published novel, she was, in some sort, already a practiced novelist. Apart from the previously written and posthumously published "The Professor," she had produced between the ages of fourteen and twenty-four over fifty works, many of them of fair size, whose pages number more than those of her published canon. Although the existence of these works has been known, they have been generally deprecated, and only two fragments have been printed. The publication by Miss Ratchford and Professor DeVane of a selection of four novels and one long narrative poem gives to students of Brontë and of the processes of genius their first chance to judge the value of the work.

It is doubtful if many will find this value to be intrinsic. The stories are marked by the aplomb, the fertility, and the strange inchoate power that so often characterize the juvenilia of genius. They are not quaintly inept; they merely fall short of realization and are dull. One cannot, however, miss the immediate connection of many scenes in these stories with the passionate and complex psychological conflicts of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," or of some of the lines with the satire of those volumes. But on the whole it is the conception of these stories and the history of their writing which make their interest.

When Charlotte was ten, her father—that misrepresented man—bought for Branwell a box of wooden soldiers which the children fell in love with, baptized with heroic names, and made the creatures of their fertile imaginations. Charlotte's was the Duke of Wellington, but his name, like that of the other wooden heroes, varied: they were Goody, Bady, Bravey, Sneaky, Rogue; also Captain Tree, Sergeant Bud, Major Arbor. Charlotte's own triumph in naming was a Mr. S'death. Of these heroes and villains the children became the presiding genii, and for them they built the magic city, Verdopolis, on the banks of the Niger, about which grew a mighty African empire. With this land of Angria all four children were concerned, until Emily and Anne left it for another race, the Gondals.

For Charlotte the kingdom of the Angrians became a living and present reality. Although Branwell supplied the history, engineering, and statistics, it was she who gave it life. It became more than a story to her, and it was for this land rather than for Haworth that she was homesick when she had to leave the work behind for her teaching.

Scott was the chief model of her first stories, but Byron soon replaced him. Byron dictated both the emotional tone of the stories and the character of the chief hero, Arthur Wellesley, son of the original "Duke of Wellington," called variously the Marquis of Douro and Duke of Zamorna. He, with his ruthlessness, sexuality, and arrogance, is obviously the prototype of Rochester; she adored his amorality and made fun of his arrogance.

When Charlotte ventured to send several of her stories to Southey and Wordsworth, they advised her against her dream empire and she promised to come closer to England. But, as the editors point out, her genius was forcing her unconsciously in this direction, and her later pieces begin to show a kind of worldly realism. However, the roots of the complex and wild passions of the Angrian dynasty were, fortunately, very deep; they remained, and from them springs half the greatness of Charlotte Brontë's mature work.

LIONEL TRILLING

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Interpreting the Jews

History and Destiny of the Jews. By Josef Kastein. Translated from the German by Huntley Paterson. The Viking Press. $3.50.

THE new work of Josef Kastein is not so much a history of the Jews as an eloquent, philosophic, and on the whole orthodox discourse on their history. The author has a gift for generalization, which means that even when his facts are weak, as they occasionally are, his power of persuasion is strong. He is always plausible, he is sometimes magnificent, but too seldom at critical points is he altogether accurate. Yet this defect is not fatal, for a work such as this may be brilliant and useful, although its details remain questionable. Kastein, one feels on every page, is writing not as a scholar patiently expounding his subject in the light of every available source of knowledge, but as a passionate German Jew almost conscious of the fate about to befall his people and striving to fortify them against the blow by an interpretation of their existence in terms of the past and future.

"The main object of this book," he writes, "is to reveal the *raison d'être* of the Jewish people." This gives at once not only the measure of the work, but a clue to Jewish history itself. No serious history of England or France would concern itself for long with the reason for the existence of the English or French people; the fact of their presence needs no continuous explanation. But time and again—after the Babylonian capture of Jerusalem, after its Roman destruction, after the exterminative persecutions in almost every land of the dispersion—the Jews by every rule of the game should have disappeared. Yet they survived, and often in increasing numbers. This survival, the earmark and probably the most astonishing achievement of the Jew, obviously stands in need of more than a descriptive statement.

Kastein's explanation is frankly religious. He judges the forces animating the Jews and their neighbors in the spirit of Jewish tradition. He clothes this spirit, however, in modern phrases, and, as closely as its nature permits, fits it to modern ideas. As a result, the reader who can accept his premises—the man who believes that history is "an ideated force liberated from the cosmos upon the living reality of communities," who believes furthermore that the "transgression" of the individual and of humanity is a "disturbance of the course of cosmic events"—will here discover Jewish history couched in an acceptable language, a reduction of Isaiah to the terms of current philosophic patter, which will give him at least the illusion that he has penetrated the riddle of the Jews and the comfort that he understands their destiny. The reader who cannot accept these premises, who is willing to leave the cosmos *aus dem Spiele,* who looks to economics, politics, theological myths, and other ordinary human inventions to explain the story of a people, will nevertheless be indebted to Kastein for giving him a sympathetic understanding of the Jewish past as the Jews have themselves seen it. And both readers should be grateful for the author's generalship in marshaling his material—there is no more dispersed and confusing subject in the world than the scenes and actors in the Jewish drama—for his frequent illuminating insight, and for his generous treatment of Jewish mysticism, a force usually slighted by historians.

The Jews, as Kastein interprets them, were fated by their moral and political gifts to conceive a perfect theocracy. By their own transgressions, however, they failed to realize their conception. But their destiny remained and still remains before them. "Judaism has no mission and has never sent out missionaries [!]. But it is a living paradigm of all the ultimate principles which the life of humanity requires." Hence, to be a "chosen people" means to survive "as an example" to mankind, which sounds like a mission after all, and one to be heard preached from countless Jewish pulpits.

Guided by this interpretation, the author unfolds the course of Jewish events, with results that one can readily foresee: in the description of a major theme in Jewish thought, as the Jews themselves conceived it, the interpretation is sound enough; as the basis for an impartial judgment of the relations between Jews and Gentiles, for the understanding of the many forces that influenced Jewish destiny, it leads to nonsense. The ancient East which produced and molded the Jews is practically ignored. The Greeks and Romans are reduced to a caricature. No adequate weight is given to the fact that the Jews had a tenable theologic and economic place in the medieval world—a place which, as much as their own notions of destiny, accounted for their survival. And their present plight is completely distorted. In the East they are oppressed in common with other national minorities and for much the same reasons. In the West they are disintegrating for no "transgression," but because the theocratic basis of Judaism, in common with that of Christianity, is being wrecked by the forces of science and human reason.

Finally, no effort is made to criticize the theocratic ideal itself, the concept of a mission, or the pride of cultural achievement so long as it concerns the Jews. When the Greek state failed, it was because Greek ideals were wrong and the Greeks themselves were politically incompetent. When the Jewish state fell into the corrupt hands of the Hasmonean and Herodian dynasties, it was due to no inherent defect, but either to Jewish "transgression" or to Roman cunning. "Peoples, like individuals, feel the need of proving their superiority. And if their longing for recognition be thwarted . . . their reaction is overcompensation in the form of . . . rapturous chauvinistic self-appreciation." This sounds very much like an explanation of the Jewish mission; but, no, it is an analysis of anti-Semitism among the ancient Greeks and the modern Poles and Hungarians. The Jews of Germany now stand, alas, in need of history written in this strain; but elsewhere, we may hope, that day has passed.

Mr. Paterson is to be congratulated upon the carefulness and fluency of what must have been a most difficult translation.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Shorter Notices

We Need One Another. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Equinox Cooperative Press. $2.

Lawrence and Brett: A Friendship. By Dorothy Brett. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

Two essays first published in *Scribner's* have been given a tasteful imprint in this private offering of the Equinox Press. The title essay remains perhaps Lawrence's purest bit of expository writing on his primary theme of the relationship of the sexes, and well deserves this edition. "Lawrence and Brett" will be read by everyone interested in day-by-day pictures of the fascinating, if alarming, Lawrence household—already passing into legend—and for some excellent descriptive writing of its own. The reader, however, will have to suffer exposure to a mawkishly worshipful attitude on the part of this number-three unit of a very distressing *ménage à trois,* which shows itself in the use of the adoring schoolgirl's "you" for designation of Lawrence throughout the whole book, and in an increasingly disingenuous spitefulness toward the number-two member of the trio. The almost pathological submissiveness toward her hero reaches its nadir, perhaps, in this passage: "We ride down and get the mail. . . . After supper, you read through yours. You blow your

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nose in most of the letters you receive: so many of your letters you use as handkerchiefs! (Years later, I used especially soft paper to write to you on, so that you could blow your nose comfortably in them.)"

Psycho-Analysis Today. Edited by Sandor Lorand. Covici-Friede. $4.25.

The reviewer remembers attending, as a medical student, a clinical lecture at an insane asylum, and asking his professor, who was a famous psychiatrist, what measures were taken to prevent the development of psychoses in children and young adults. The answer was so irrelevant as to leave no doubt that the conception of prevention had not even entered the mind of the psychiatrist, who was fully occupied with classifying his patients and giving them hopeless prognoses. The keynote of the present book is the possible prevention of mental illness through the use of psychoanalysis. However, psychoanalysis is presented not only as a weapon with which to combat insanity; it may also be a means of molding character and eventually modifying the social relations of mankind. Though one may not be ready to accept psychoanalysis as fully or as enthusiastically as do the authors of this book, its importance in modern thought must be realized. The book deals not only with the effects of psychoanalysis on the conception and treatment of mental diseases, but also with its relation to religion, law, art, and anthropology. The authors are nearly all Freudians and include such representative names as A. A. Brill, Ernest Jones, Sandor Ferenczi, and Franz Alexander. Their contributions will prove more valuable to laymen and physicians than more detailed volumes because they are written more simply and with more effort for clarity than the usual book on the subject. Perhaps a later edition will include a chapter entitled The Scientific Basis of Psychoanalysis, to demonstrate that psychoanalysis does not depend entirely on the authority of Freud for its validity.

The Waiting City: Paris, 1782-1788. By Louis-Sebastian Mercier. Translated from the French and Edited with Preface and Notes by Helen Simpson. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

Mercier was a well-known figure in Paris before, during, and after the revolution. Witty and aggressive, he quarreled with the royal authorities before the revolution, baited Robespierre during the revolution and escaped, and lived to see the waning of Napoleon's empire. His witty and wholly fascinating book, of which this edition, full though it is, is an abridgment, resembles such a book as "Only Yesterday" as a panorama of an epoch. Indeed, our own urban civilization of the twenties, with its psychopathies, its crazes, its stock booms and depressions, seems strikingly similar to that of Mercier's "waiting city."

Mexico Before Cortez. By J. Eric Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Mr. Thompson does his task very well. He writes clearly and manages to make interesting the factual information that in another treatment might have been dull. He first gives an account of Mexican history before the Conquest; follows with a description of the cycle of life in Mexico from the ceremonies attending birth to the funeral rites; then takes up the arts, crafts, and industries, the social organization, war and trade (which, anticipating our time, was the advance guard of Aztec imperialism), religion, the calendar, the place of human sacrifice, the organization of the priesthood, literature, and architecture.

[In *The Nation* of May 10 the price of "Los Angeles: A History with Side-Shows," by Morrow Mayo, was incorrectly stated as $2.50. The price is $2.85.]

Drama

Summary I

THERE is no particular reason why I should trouble my readers with painful details concerning the three or four ill-advised productions which have made night hideous during the past week. They indicate only that the more experienced managers have decided to call it a season, and that we might as well proceed to our concluding remarks upon a winter which will go down in theatrical history as one which tried the hearts of producers as they have not been tried in a generation. At the moment only twenty-seven of the sixty-odd theaters are open for business, and there was no time during the year when there were not almost as many dark playhouses as lighted ones. Many of them will probably never be needed again, and theatrical real estate will probably continue to be a very dubious investment until a considerable number are eliminated entirely.

If this were all that there was to say, then critics might well be almost as gloomy as the producers themselves; but the season was not by any means so bad from the standpoint of the spectator as it was from the standpoint of the show business as such. Perhaps no plays of outstanding importance were produced; perhaps, indeed, the new plays as a whole were less interesting than they have been for several years past; but there was no time during the course of the winter when one did not have one's choice of several productions well worth an evening's time. Certainly, more excruciatingly bad plays than usual reached at least a first night, but that did not mean that bad playwrights had suddenly multiplied in the atmosphere of the depression. It meant merely that playhouses were to be had cheap from owners or lessees who had no use for them, and that, accordingly, all sorts of deluded authors and their deluded friends invaded a field which, in happier years, would not have been open to them. Several inconceivably bad productions achieved a hitherto almost unheard-of distinction when they closed after a single performance, but one is not to conclude from that that they would have run very much longer in more prosperous times. They would, in all probability, never have opened at all.

Far more discouraging is the fact that various plays of considerable merit died either prompt or lingering deaths, while all the outstanding financial successes were achieved by pieces whose distinction it was to do very well indeed something not especially worth doing at all. On the one hand, the public gave but languid support to such things as "Success Story," and "Both Your Houses," while it gave no support to all to so fine a play as Somerset Maugham's "For Services Rendered." On the other hand, it flocked to Miss Crother's innocuous "When Ladies Meet," to the meretricious "Dinner at Eight" of Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman, and to Mr. Coward's elaborate much-ado, "Design for Living"—which, by the way, has just closed after a seventeen-week run on Broadway during the course of which enthusiastic spectators paid a total of about $425,000 for the privilege of hearing Mr. Lunt, Miss Fontanne, and Mr. Coward discuss "an unpremeditated roll in the hay." Most of the other successes have been mild, for though "Biography," the finest play of the year, is now in its sixth month, it has not been what Broadway calls a "smash hit," and such other successes as "Goodbye Again," "One Sunday Afternoon," and "Forsaking All Others" have run along in a far from spectacular fashion.

It was not always thus. At the end of one previous season I congratulated everybody on the fact that no really good play

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had failed to draw a considerable audience, even though, of course, popularity was never exactly proportionate to merit. This year, on the other hand, some of the best of the new plays have failed dismally, and one has seen happen again what seems always to happen to the theater when its business is bad. Failures became more frequent both among the worst and the best of the offerings, and it was competent mediocrity which always got the best chance. Prosperity is supposed to debase one's taste and hardship is supposed to elevate it, but the spiritual awakening supposed to follow the depression is so far no more evident in the theater than the spiritual awakening supposed to follow the war ever was. In fact, I doubt very seriously that the phenomenon we have just witnessed has anything to do with anyone's spiritual state. Whenever audiences shrink, it becomes more and more necessary to strike somewhere near the common denominator of a very large group, and the common denominator of every large group is found in some form or other of skilful mediocrity.

Next week I shall award prizes of nothing each for the outstanding plays and performances of the year.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Submarine Pictures

"MORGENROT," currently showing at the Little Carnegie with English subtitles, is the latest addition to the fairly large number of pictures in recent seasons which have concentrated their action within the extremely cramped area of the submarine. The new German film follows so closely after Metro-Goldwyn's "Hell Below" at the Astor that one is practically compelled to speculate as to just what there is about this particular instrument of modern warfare which makes it so appealing to the dramatic imagination. It has, of course, the fascination which all such instruments of warfare possess for the civilian audience; it is certainly one of the most terrifying of them; and "Morgenrot" is, among other things, a bitter indictment of a world in which such perversions of human ingenuity are employed by one race of men against another. But tanks, long-range guns, and poison gas are also very terrifying, and yet none of these has been used with quite the same dramatic effectiveness. It would seem to be not so much its deadly purpose as its construction and certain features of its operation which make the submarine a background for dramatic conflict unique to our time. Always in these pictures the climax comes when we are suddenly confronted with a group of men caught in a steel cylinder at the bottom of the sea. Around their bodies the water creeps ever higher, the food is almost gone, and their watches tick off the hours, minutes, seconds before the very air itself will be spent, leaving them entangled among the ruins of their cunning machinery. It is then that we experience an emotion that rises not so much out of conscious reflection as out of some more dimly intuitive recognition of the full meaning of their predicament. The image that occurs, of course, is the trap, which is perhaps the most dramatic of all images, since there is not a single human situation which cannot be visualized finally as a kind of trap, from which escape will or will not be effected. The special force of the image here is that for once it is not merely parallel, but real and concrete: the struggle with time and space is localized in this microcosm of man's invention caught within the macrocosm of nature. As a result, the emotion which we always feel before the fact of human isolation—that helpless lost feeling of being alone in a hostile universe, which has been the basis of so many religions and so many masterpieces—is intensely objectified. An emotion which is normally diffused in our everyday living is crystallized by finding its appropriate concrete situation or pattern. The submarine on the ocean floor becomes ourselves or our world tapping out messages to a universe that does not always respond.

At any rate, if one accepts such an analysis, "Morgenrot" will be found to have a much deeper interest than it has as the argument for pacifism which the centering of its story also makes it. The emotional center is the provincial German mother who has lost two sons and just misses losing a third in the war undersea. As admirably played by Adele Sandrock, she has submitted to a kind of harsh Northern fatalism of mood and attitude which prevents either sentimentality or propagandist ardor. And this mood and attitude dominate most of the other characters in the picture, including the U-boat captain himself, who asks his men before giving them the life-preservers, "Why should we save ourselves?" As a matter of fact, the film goes very much deeper than the usual propaganda picture; and despite its exciting reproduction of undersea warfare it is not likely to be popular. But for its general distinction of acting, direction, and story "Morgenrot" must be counted among the half-dozen best films of the year.

Nothing in the screen version of Alfred Döblin's "Berlin—Alexanderplatz" explains the ban that has been placed on that novel by the Hitler regime. The picture is a slow-paced study of Berlin's underworld, a little reminiscent of our gangster films of a few seasons ago, and like them also in its theme of redemption through love. As the street hawker who has served a term in jail for killing his sweetheart, Heinrich George gives a vigorous performance which does much to redeem this unsuccessful attempt to translate an essentially subjective work of fiction to the screen.

The trouble with such "big" dramatic ideas as the one on which "The Warrior's Husband" (Radio City Music Hall) is founded is that once the trick is out one's interest is put to too severe a test. The big idea here was to build a hilarious satire on the sexes around the classical story of Theseus's war against the Amazons. The settings, costumes, and dialogue are all in the tradition of Korda's treatment of "Helen of Troy." Marjorie Rambeau, as the warlike Hippolyta, gets a certain amount of humor out of her role, but Ernest Truex's playing of the husband who stays at home and makes himself beautiful is pretty consistently embarrassing. "The Warrior's Husband" may be summed up as a bad joke carried out on a large scale.

WILLIAM TROY

Architecture

The Rockefeller Necropolis

IN New York City there are several graveyards that make life easier for the living, who receive a present of free space and sunshine from the dead. John Sloan, the painter, declares that the entire city seen from above resembles a vast cemetery. Be that as it may, the association between Rockefeller Center and some giant burial place has suggested itself to a great many people, so that a report in such terms represents less an individual discovery than the general opinion. The mood of the place is gray, unreal, and baleful.

Among these stones the R. C. A. building is the latest and largest. The photographs and renderings generally show it head-on, a high, narrow, shapeless crag, split straight down two sides. Broadside it is a high flat slab, regular except for the narrow front already mentioned, which is hewn with a few steep setbacks. These setbacks come around the sides in a still

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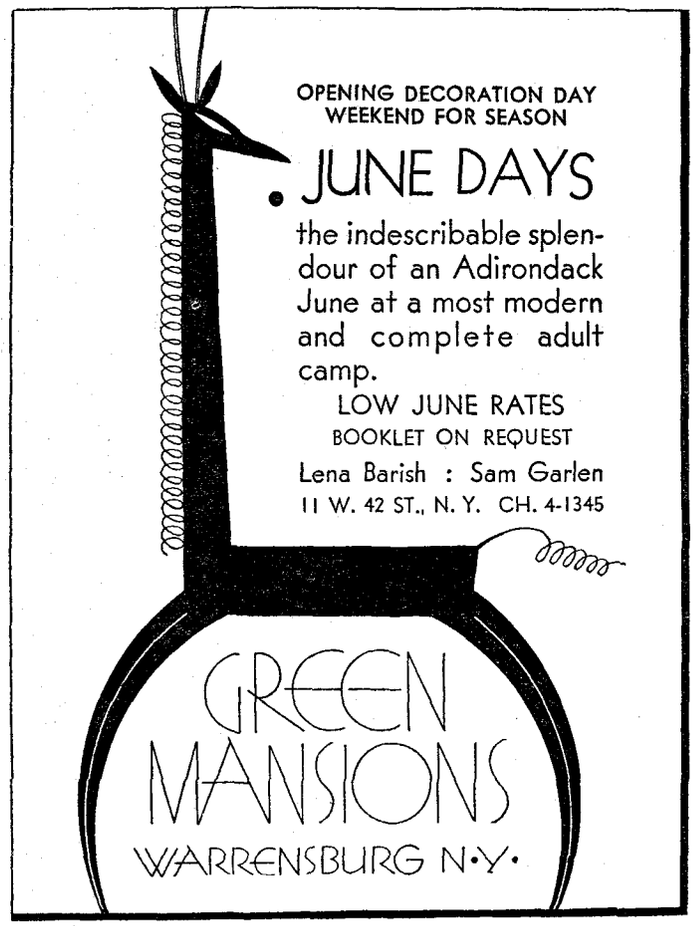
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Sunday, May 28th, 8:15 P. M. Admission 35c
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shallower fashion, as if the stone had spalled in layers. This vast seventy-story surface is punctured by the inevitable penitentiary windows of our skyscrapers; gray limestone in the areas between them, gray cast aluminum underneath. With time this aluminum will turn a darker slate color, as has already occurred on the Empire State, and the effect will be more in the nature of vertical stripes. There was a Frenchman, Jules Guérin, who throve as a renderer at about the time of the last Chicago Fair; his trick was to produce a wash that was apparently an absolute monotone, and yet through this shroud to suggest a ghost-like life. Rockefeller Center would be the appropriate subject for so skilful and anemic a brush.

The new structure is tall enough to produce a sense of awe, which the dulness and drabness shade into horror. Along the copings there is some relief in the shape of slight cast tracery, with a faintly clerical suggestion—the last dying remnant of the sort of sugar frosting that in lustier days was conferred by one of the present architects on the candy tower of the Chicago *Tribune*. Over the entrances is some silly symbolic carving, "styled," one might say, "in the modern manner," of a sort that in an up-to-date cemetery might be found on the tomb of a respectable yet progressive family. These small details remain insignificant, however, upon the great vacant mass of the anomalous structure, and serve mainly to render the boast of one of the architects, that the homely affair resembles the face of Lincoln, as silly as the carving is itself.

Inside, the R. C. A. building has the look, as a friend remarked, of "just waiting for the corpses," though for a short time there was one small spot of extremely colorful and lively activity. On the most prominent inside wall, directly opposite the entrance, Diego Rivera, the Mexican painter, had lodged a huge and highly skilful poster calling down doom—in the name of science, industry, and the people—on all the forces that had created the wall on which he worked. That single spot of life has of course since then been covered up, and the mural too now slumbers shrouded in peace. It is expected that there will replace it some bright hunks, rags, and daubs of pigment by someone like the meretricious Brangwyn; but it is dubious whether such over-ripeness is going to lift the gloom.

Under the plaza in the middle of the block on which the R. C. A. building faces, there have already been excavated underground passages, to remind us of the time when the city and the realtors thought they could build endless double-, triple-, and quintuple-decker streets, subways, L's, and superhighways, without going bankrupt. These underground stores are being hopefully endowed with fronts. On the East Side subway, I believe at Hunt's Point, there already exist such underground stores in a state that might have provided a dire warning. Yet who knows? New Yorkers are gluttons for punishment.

What might a philosophic mind within the Rockefeller family have come to think of Rockefeller Center? These people have already impressed the city with their gallantry. When Mr. Rockefeller was admiring the tombs of Egypt, and contemplating a monument for his own city in the "Egyptian style," his intentions were civic and large. Yet not even he, one of the supreme rulers of America, having once bought land in the center of Manhattan, could escape the Game. Unlike the Egyptian, even his tomb has to pay. And if the Game goes wrong, to pay for the tomb that did not pay requires the resources of a Rockefeller. By similar paradoxes every major force at work defeats every other one—just as the architects, for example, canceled one another—as there arises the gigantic opus of congestion in the midst of inactivity, confusion, and emptiness. A sort of death by stalemate—a dying not by inches but by the collision and mutual counteraction of tons and miles and millions. All put together entirely according to the rules of business "economics," 1920-30.

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